

# Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter for the taste that's right!

Viceroy is scientifically made to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. Not too strong...not too light... Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



#### SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong ... while others taste too light. But Viceroywith the Deep-Weave Filtertastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!



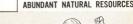
#### Here's how Zenith gives you the finest sound in home console stereo

Zenith takes two giant Woofers and a precision quartet of Zenith Mid-Range Speakers Eight Speakers in all a precision quartet of Zenith Mid-Range Speakers Eight Speakers in all a precision quartet of Zenith Mid-Range Speakers Eight Speakers in all a precision quartet of Zenith Mid-Range Speakers Eight Speakers in all a precision with the famous Zenith Mid-Range Speakers in all a precision with the famous Zenith Mid-Range Speakers in all a precision with the famous Zenith Micro-Touch 26 Tone Arm and that makes it impossible to accidentally ruin your fine stereo records. Next Zenith builds in a quality radio tuner that lets you enjoy brilliant AM, crystal-clear FM, and exciting Stereo FM Radio. And then Zenith wraps it all up in a fine-furniture stereo cabinet to bring you the world's finest home stereo instrument. See and hear all the new 1965 Zenith quality stereos...in a wide variety of fine-furniture consoles a precision on a priced just right for you... now at your Zenith dealer's. Pictured at the top, Zenith Romberg, Model MM2670W.

The quality goes in before the name over an

Please
check the most
important
consideration in
locating
your new plant.



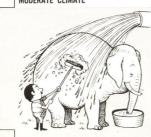






MODERATE CLIMATE

LARGE NUMBER OF WILLING WORKERS





VAST SUPPLY OF WATER

PLENTY OF POWER



#### **ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION**



WAITING MARKETS



ROOM TO GROW

## Never mind. You'll find them all in the South and we'll help you pick the exact spot.

CHECK AND double check. What industry wants, industry gets in the modern South. That's why so many industries have located in this industrial oasis. Why not yours?

Ask for the free help of the experts in our Industrial Development Department. They know the 13 states we serve like the backs of their hands. Take natural resources . . . markets ... manpower ... you name it. Our on-the-spot specialists have the answers you want to hear, based on first-hand experience. They're familiar with thousands of communities of every size and description. They can introduce you to men like yourself, who once had plant-location problems that we helped solve.

Call or write our Industrial Development Department today. Your inquiry will be kept confidential, of course. "Look Ahead - Look South!"

Southern Railway





# Quite a handful! That's why we keep your insurance costs low.

Imagine you—once the free-spending hero of headwaiter and florist, now the sole support of your grocer and milkman. But that's kids for you. Families do cost money—and with all your other expenses, how can you pay for the life insurance you need and still staysolvent? You can do it with our Income Protection policy. Let's say you want to assure your family an income of \$300 a month for the next 20 years. If you're 28, only \$14.79 a month will buy the nintial amount of insur-

ance—\$54.420—it would take to do that job. What's more, you can look forward to using these valuable options your Occidental policy provides for the future: First, while your protection gradually decreases over the years as the youngsters grow up, you have the privilege of freezing the amount of insurance at any time. Or, at the

#### OCCIDENTAL LIFE OF CALIFORNIA

end of five years, you can go back and restore the original benefit. And when you reach a higher bracket, you can add the savings and retirement features you'll want someday. And you can exercise these options without taking another physical. Fair enough? Ask an Occidental representative about Income Protection—our unique plan for young fathers with their hands full. Or write us at Occidental Center, Los Angeles, California 90054.



"What is this, science-fiction? They look like us."
"It is us—we're looking into tomorrow!"

It's so easy with Delta's Big Jets. And pleasant. And comfortable. No wonder Delta Jets have carried more than all others combined from the Midwest to Florida! For reservations, call the nearest Delta office, or see your Travel Agent

the air line with the BIG JETS



year, maybe somebody will give you one.







Chevrolet's adjustable steering wheel:



# personalized comfort!

Personalized comfort is the sole reason for Chevrolet's Comfortilt steering wheel. Just flick the lever at the left side of the steering column. Adjust the wheel up or down –even while driving —to the position that best fits your body build, arm length and sitting posture. Move the wheel down for an improved view of the road. Adjust the wheel midway or further up for the most comfortable arm reach. Tilt the wheel to its topmost position for easier entry and exit. This new Comfortilt steering wheel is available now on the '65 Chevrolet, ready at your dealer's for a relaxing demonstration. The adjustable steering wheel is a product of Saginawe. Michigan.



# Thin Film, Big future

This little wafer of glass is one of the most significant telephone advances since the invention of the transistor.

Reason? It's a complete electrical circuit, ready to be slipped into a piece of communications equipment.

cations equipment.

In the years to come, as it finds its way into new Bell System "hardware," it will

your telephone service.

We deposit thin films of metal only four nillionths of an inch thick on a glass surface. The chown in the nitrography above.

like that shown in the picture above.

Because thin-film circuits are photo-etched on the glass, they can be made economically.

And because a number of components and connections can be consolidated into one unit, thin-film circuitry is extremely reliable and precise.

Thin-film technology has benefited from many important contributions by Bell Telephone Laboratories. It is now being applied on a number of Bell System products manufactured by Western Electric. Among these are a new Electronic Central Office, a new high-speed data transmission system, and a new switchboard.

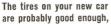
Thin as the film is, its future is big in our plans to keep improving your telephone service while helping to hold down its cost.



Bell System

American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies







but if "probably" isn't good enough for you . . . get these.

These are AMOCO<sub>®</sub> 120 Super Tires. They outclass all the tires we've tested in high-speed safety. (Just read our guarantee.) So they're safer for turnpike cruising, and for ordinary driving. AMOCO 120 Super Tires even look better on your car, with their dual whitewalls. Don't wait for your AMOCO 120's. Those new tires on your car make this the best time to trade. Now. You expect more from Standard—and you get it.



What do you do when you want to improve? You get instruction.
With bowling, there's a difference.
Instruction is free!

\*Your bowling proprietor has all the equipment you'll need. Just bring yourself. And remember, bowling's best where you see the Magic Triangle.

American Machine & Foundry Company





## GET REAL ACTION 7 7-UP YOUR THIRST AWAY!!

7-UP

Any thirst you can get, 7-Up can quench! Seven-Up is all action. It tingles. It freshens. It re-starts the natural moisture in your mouth. That's why 7-Up can quench your thirst quickly and completely. So get real action...7-Up your thirst away.



# Our man on Quartzline\* came up with the lamp that lights the facade of the U.S. Pavilion.

Meet Al Foote. Al headed the G-E engineering team that developed the Quartzline incandescent langua. The lamp that lights the facade of the United States Paylino at the New York, Wale States Paylino at the New York, Wale States Paylino at the New York, Wale States Paylino at the States Paylino at the States Paylino at the States Paylino at Carlot and States I have a some of the States I have



a precise and powerful beam as narrow as 6 degrees or as wide as 100 degrees, These are but a few of the reasons why G-E's wide line of Quartzine lamps find so many new applications. Airport lighting, lighting, a Whatever your business, whatever your lighting, ed. Whatever your business, whatever your lighting needs, call your Large Lamp Agent for service. Or write General Electric Company, Large Lamp Degt. C45, Nella Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL 🍪 ELECTRIC

VISIT GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRESSLAND . A WALL PIGNEY PRESENTATION . AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



# A quarter says Avis cars are in better shape than yours.



This offer is on the level. No big deal, maybe, but on the level. And we're going to work it on the honor system.

If you rent an Avis car (Ford or otherwise) and find it to be in worse condition than your own -either mechanically or in appearance-tell the girl at the Avis counter.

She'll probably ask you to cross your heart and hope to die. And then she'll hand over two bits.

In hard cash.

Now maybe you think that a quarter isn't much for us to risk.

But it's all we can afford right now.

In fact, this offer is subject to withdrawal if it puts us back in the red.

A color we're not long out of.



COLOGNE, TALC, AFTER-SHAVE,

SOAP, SPRAY-DEODORANT BODY TALC.

AND PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.

#### TIME LISTINGS

#### TELEVISION

Thursday, November 26
THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE (NBC, 10-

11:30 a.m.; CBS. 10 a.m.-12 noon.):
NBC color cameras focus on the 58th annual Macy's Parade in Manhattan, featuring twelve marching bands, floats, featurballoons and the Radio City Rocketts, while CBS switches from parade to parade in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Toronto.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE (CBS, 12 noon-conclusion). The Chicago Bears play the Detroit Lions in Detroit.

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Afraid their captured French underground leader (Louis Jourdan) will be tortured by the Nazis and talk, French Resistance fighters arrange to have a young killer arrested and placed in their leader's cell. Color.

Friday, November 27
NBC FOLUES OF 1965 (NBC, 10-11
p.m.). Comedy-variety special, starring
Steve Lawrence and featuring Juliet
Prowse, Jill St. John and Allan Sherman

Saturday, November 28

ABCS WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 46:30 pm.). Professional Canadian foot-ball championship, the Grey Cup Ganet from Toronto Canada. U.S. fass should to be upprised to see a longer and wider field welve players on a learn, and only three downs in which to move ten yards.

Sunday, November 29
DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon).
This show devoted to comedy introduces today's children to the art of Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin.

wild kingdom (NBC, 5-5:30 p.m.). Exploring the wetlands of the Grand Teton Mountains and Canada's northern

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Senator Thomas Hart Benton's valiant struggle against the extension of slavery in new states.

Monday, November 30 NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S

CONCERT (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Leonard Bernstein takes a nostalgic look at the nationalistic music of the 19th and 20th centuries with works by Smetana, Falla and Charles lives

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Program devoted to Sir Winston Churchill's artistic career narrated by Paul Scofield. Color.

Tuesday, December 1 WORLD WAR I (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). The war in the Balkans and military disaster at Gallipoli.

#### THEATER

#### On Broadway

wilderness Color

LUV, by Murray Schisgal, sends three very modern and morose souls through a slapstick, tongue-wagging, satirical inferno of cocktail-party griefs. Under Mike Nichols' brilliantly inventive direction, Actors Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin produce constant and crippling hilarity. COMEDY IN MUSIC. That matching mirthmaster of the keyboard, Victor Borge, rifles through gags and slides of the piano bench without altering his usual mask of disnay and disdain. Added not screen and musical, are provided by Straight Man Leonid Hambro.

A SEVERED HEAD wittily tucks three men and three women into bed in a variety of heterosexual combinations. A superb cast gives this British comedy high glee and high gloss without blinding playagoers to its underlying moral and mythical ambiguity.

OH WHAT A LOYELY WAR. Blending song and satire, commedia dell' arte garb and Brechtian notions. Joan Littlewood and her "thinking clowns" effectively depict the foolishness and ironies of the 1914-18 war. FIDDLER ON THE ROOF is a nostalgic folk-

foolishness and ironies of the 1914-18 war. FIDDLER ON THE ROOF is a nostalgic folk-musical version of Alcichem's tales of life in Czarist Russia and the gentle dairyman. Tevye, brought to life by Zero Mostel's larger-than-life interpretation.

#### Off Broadway

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY. This engaging musical is lightly based on the days and dreams of the James Thurber character. Scenes from his several worlds are played with bounce and humor.

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. With a chuckle rath-

er than a sneer, a band of young Englishmen keep their eyes on the oddball and carry a big slapstick in this howlarious revue.

#### RECORDS

Opera

MARIA CALLAS SINGS VERDI ARIAS (Angel). It has been a year since Callas' last

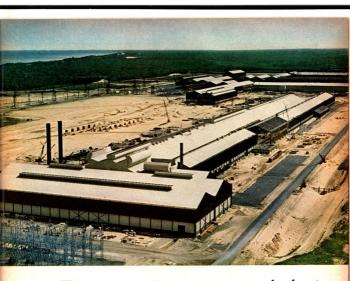
recording, and her partisans have been braced for trouble. The news is good. True, a few bold dashes above the treble staff end in wobbles, but even her wobbles are welcome because in each aria from Don Carlo, Otello, and Aroldo, an enotion is magically distilled into song. MARIA CALLAS. ARIAS BY BEETHOVEN, MO-

ZART AND WEBER (Angel). The earlier music makes more demands on Callas than does Verdi and provides fewer rewards. HANDEL: RODELINDA (3 LPs; Westmin-

ster). It was in 1725, when opera was young, that Rodelinda was first a hit in the Haymarket. Six characters, accompanied by a small orchestra or a harpsichord, sing succession of recitatives and formal arias to one another; but so expressive is the music that it could survive without words. Contralto Maureen Forrester brings warmth to the stately beauty of the score as Bertarido, the King of the Lombards, a role originally sung by a castrato. But most compelling is the pure control of Soprano Teresa Stich-Randall as Rodelinda. Like Sutherland, she can sing and trill with the clarity of a flute BEETHOVEN: FIDELIO (2 L.Ps; London).

Bigil Nilson's coice nobly recreates the rethover's large-than-life, idealized portrait of a wife, his only operatic heroine. As Florestan, Indiana-born Tenor James Mc-Cracken matches Nilson in strength and to the real policy of the properties of the properties

8 All times E.S.T.



### The country's newest steel plant in the fastest-growing market



At Burns Harbor, Indiana-30 miles east of Chicago-Bethlehem is building the country's newest steel plant. And it's also the most advanced.

The first steel, soon to begin rolling from the new plate mill, will be processed on the most modern equipment available today. And construction is speeding along on other new mills which will be cold-rolling sheets and tinplate early next year. Construction has also begun on a new hot-sheet mill at this site.

Built on a 3,300-acre, Lake Michigan shore site, the Burns Harbor plant is superbly located in terms of steel markets and transportation. Within a few more years this plant can become one of the country's largest.

Our new plant at Burns Harbor is but one phase of Bethlehem Steel's continuing program of new, more efficient mills, new processes, and new steel products. Large-scale research is helping us to find new and better ways of improving the quality, usefulness, and economy of steel.

The steel produced at Burns Harbor will be used in such products as these:

Bridges . Buildings . Machinery · Railroad cars ·

Swimming pools · Missiles

Automobiles · Furniture · Household appliances . Containers . Lawn and

garden tools . Air conditioning and heating TINPLATE

Tin cans for foods and

beverages · Kitchen ware · Venetian blinds . Toys . Bottle caps and closures

BETHLEHEM STEE





People who Thunderbird escape from the crowd . . . elegantly. The dawn patrol in the picture chose the elegant Landau. You may elect to Thunderbird in the Hardtop or the Convertible. Each model of America's unique personal car offers a number of innovations this year. Disc brakes on the front wheels are standard. Exclusive Sequential Taillight Turn Signals mark the direction you want to go—a way for others to follow. Extras at no extra cost include: radio, heater, power steering. Cruise-O-Matic Drive, Swing-Away steering wheel and many more. And when you take the wheel of Thunderbird '65 you enter a new world of luxury and adventure—THE PRIVATE WORLD OF THUNDERBIRD. Let your Ford Dealer show you why . . . other cars you drive . . . . this one you Thunderbird.

Thunderbird Unique in all the world

Otto Klemperer's 1962 version, on Angel. BIRGIT NILSSON SINGS GERMAN OPERA (London). Sumptuous singing. After excerpts from Die Walkure, Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Der Freischütz and Fidelio, Nilsson has power to spare, calling the ocean to account in the mighty aria from Weber's Oberon.

#### CINEMA

SEND ME NO FLOWERS. Married at last. Doris Day and Rock Hudson fluff up their pillow talk for a sprightly spoof about an exurban hypochondriac who thinks his wife's widowhood is at hand. As chief mourner, Tony Randall gets most of the laughs.

THE PUMPKIN EATER. Anne Bancroft portrays with dazzling perception a wellkept British matron who endures three husbands, a swarm of children, and a nervous collapse before she realizes that all's not well in her pumpkin shell.

SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON, Guided by voices from Beyond, a demented me-dium (Kim Stanley) and her timorous mate (Richard Attenborough) plot a kidnaping in this throat-drying English thriller that casts a spell nearly all the way,

MY FAIR LADY. The movie version of the Lerner-Loewe classic is as big, bountiful and beautiful as ever, with Rex Harrison repeating his Shavian success opposite Audrey Hepburn, who is a passable flower girl and a Lady second to none.

A WOMAN IS A WOMAN. France's Jean-Luc Godard glorifies the offbeat amours of a Parisian stripteaser (Anna Karina) with some gay, giddy improvisations in-spired by New Wave esprit and a handful of old Hollywood musicals

THE SOFT SKIN. The emotional trigonometry of a love triangle occupied by an aging intellectual, his wife, and a pretty airline stewardess is worked out with fine Gallic elegance by Director François Truffaut (The 400 Blows), who conquers

ritieness with pure talent.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. A man and a
woman trapped in a sand pit get down to the gritty substance of Everyman's fate in this luminous, violent allegory by Japanese Director Hiroshi Teshigahara.

TOPKAPI. Men, money and emeralds send Melina Mercouri on a merry chase through Istanbul in Director Jules Dassin's fastest, funniest caper since Rififi.

MARY POPPINS. A magical London nanny (Julie Andrews) whips up some diverting fun in one of those candied. clever neverlands that Walt Disney delights in.

#### BOOKS

#### Best Reading

LIFE WITH PICASSO, by Françoise Gilot. Acid oozes from the pen of a discarded mistress who, in nine years with Picasso, served as his model and the mother of two children, only slowly realizing the real role she played in the life of the man who was fond of proclaiming: "As far as I am coneerned, there are two kinds of women—goddesses and doormats." Mlle. Gilot's account of the master's views on art-his and others'-is illuminating, but best of all are the tart portraits of a monumental ego, made more devastating by the ample use of anecdote to drive her points home

ARISTOS, by John Fowles. The author of The Collector, a brilliant demonic novel. turns to philosophy. His mentor is ancient Greek Philosopher Heraclitus who also wrote of aristos (the excellent in life), and Fowles shares his love of paradox, his clear-eyed contemplation and, particularly, his eloquence.

THE FAMILY OF PASCUAL DUARTE, by Camilo José Cela. Another novel on the Spanish national theme, incest and blood hatred, with the central Spanish symbol. the bullfight. Cela's version excels both in

bitterness and narrative control. A LITTLE LEARNING, by Evelyn Waugh. In the first volume of his autobiography, the great English satirist looks back on his sunny, comfortable childhood. If he does not quite pin down how he gained his mastery of prose and satire, he gives a lively account of his Oxford years and the remarkable companions who were to turn up in his novels.

A MAN IN THE WHEATFIELD, by Robert Laxalt. This spare, original novel about a man who tames snakes and alarms the villagers by his powers becomes an alle-

COLD FRIDAY, by Whittaker Chambers. A reflective book of essays written after the stormy Hiss trials. Included are a vivid picture of intellectual ferment at Columbia in the early '30s, studies on Communism, and warm, charming pastorals inspired by life at the author's Maryland farm where most of the book was written.

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. Almost as if it were some kind of Security Council document, the late U.N. Secretary General described this strange and moving journal as "a white paper concerning my negotiations with God." Hardly that formal, the book portrays in aphorisms. essays, and even haikus Hammarskjöld's mystical efforts to resolve agonizing re-

OF POETRY AND POWER, edited by Erwin Glikes and Paul Schwaber. An anthology of poems-some elegiac, some lamenting the death of John F. Kennedy. Certainly among the most valuable of the hundreds of volumes about the President.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW, by John Cheever. In these short stories, the author keeps a tight grip on his own creatures of exurbia; the proletariat of vice presidents, the charming, irrelevant aristocracy, and the winning eccentrics, who compose a kind of swimming-pool society. Best Sellers

#### FICTION

- 1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
- The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (3) Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (2)
- 4. Julian, Vidal (5)
- The Spy Who Came In from the Cold,
- Le Carré (4) This Rough Magic, Stewart (6)
- The Man, Wallace (9) 8. You Only Live Twice, Floming (8)
- 9. Armageddon, Uris (7)
- 10. A Pennant for the Kremlin, Mollov

#### NONFICTION

- 1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1) 2. My Autobiography, Chaplin (2)
- Markings, Hammarskjöld (3)
- The Italians, Barzini (4) 5. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy.
- Salinger and Vanocur (7) The Warren Commission Report (5)
- The Kennedy Wit, Adler (6)
- Potton: Ordeol and Triumph, Farago Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (10)
- 10. A Moveable Feast, Hamingway (9)

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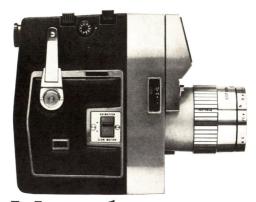
This year give Webster's Seventh the new dictionary everybody needs now for school, home, office. \$5.75 — indexed \$6.75 - deluxe bindings to \$15 at leading department, book, and stationery stores. 

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# More than \$200:

# An extravagance? Self-indulgence? A bargain? A necessity?

If the movie camera you're thinking of buying is going to spend its time gathering dust in a closet, the Bell & Howell 418 may well be an extravagance, and we have no message for you.

If, on the other hand, you want a camera that will meet the challenge of your imagination, a camera that will urge you to create as well as record memorable moments, you want something more than a movie camera.

You want a photographic instrument.

You want a Bell & Howell 418.
What you get is this: A camera that operates easily, with controls that fall readily to hand. A camera that is extraordinarily precise in its measurement of light and distance. A camera that performs without deviation from a set of standards that have been tested and retested. A camera that is, therefore, virtually incapable of mechanical error. A camera that controls film perfectly, holding it flat and smooth for exact focus, corner to corner and edge to edge.

You get an electric eye that is inside the lens, where

it can measure with exactitude the amount of light that actually strikes the film. The electric eye responds only to light from your scene; in subtle lighting, the difference can be astonishing. You get Power Zooming at the press of a button-smooth, precise zooming. You view directly through the lens, and you shoot through a precision-ground 11-element optical system with its own built-in filters.

So, with a bit of self-indulgence, you can own a photographic instrument that will do all you can ask of it which may make it a bargain, after all.

The Bell & Howell 418.

If you're really interested in home movies, you might as well consider it a necessity.

Bell & Howell builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be.

Photo Products Group

TIME. NOVEMBER 27, 1964



Looks like a lot more than it costs . . . costs a lot less than you think!



Some cars have low price written all over them. Not F-85! It looks like more money. Rides like more money. Performs like more money. Traditionally it even brings the higher trade-in you expect from more expensive makes. But that's Oldsmobile for you. Builds a car with all this style and action-then tags it with a mighty attractive low price! What better reason to see your Dealer . . . today! 185 A OLDSMOBILE The Rocket Action Car!

#### See Europe first. That's natural.

(Then see South America. That's overwhelming!)









Carved mahogany balcony of the Archbishop's Palace, Lima

And no country in South America will overwhelm you quite like Peru.

The lost city of Machu Picchu hid above the clouds for almost 400 years. Now you can explore its watchtowers, temples, baths and terraces. And peer down 2,000 feet to the Urubamba river rushing on towards the Amazon.

See Cuzco, too-the oldest living city in the Western Hemisphere. It was the "navel" of the world to the Incas, "El Dorado" to the Spanish, who stripped gold sheathing from its walls to build churches, palaces, villas. And nowhere does the charm of Colonial Spain live on as it does in Peru's capital, Lima. The home of the first university in the new world, it also offers some of the best dining and antique-hunting on the continent.

Peru is only \$401 away from Miami. round-trip Jet Economy fare. And it costs little more to include Santiago, Buenos Aires and dozens of other overwhelming sights.

Panagra, the only U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel, offers the most frequent jets to Peru,

Chile, Argentina. You fly with confidence, over the routes of National. Pan Am and Panagra.

Reservations? See your travel agent. Or call Pan Am, Panagra's sales agent.

As a public service, Panagra reminds you that visitors are coming to our country. You can help them save time, get information, have more fun. When you help visitors . . . you help America, and Americans everywhere



#### LETTERS

#### Block Those Leprechauns!

Your cover story is a succinct analysis of the Fighting Irish. It sends chills up the spine and echoes of the Victory March to the ears of Notre Dame men around

> VINCENT J. NAIMOLI (Notre Dame '59)

Wayne, N.I.

Sir: As a fan of Notre Dame for more years than I care to state, I wondered it Ara would keep the "prayer before play." When he did, the word was carried that he might convert to Catholicism. When one of the team was questioned, the answer flew back: "No, the team is thinking of turning Protestant.

(MRS.) ELAINE EDWARDS McDonald South Bend, Ind.

Sir: I've seen every Notre Dame team since 1908 play at least once, except in 1917 and 1918. I played under Rockne hefore and after he was made head coach. I helped coach at Notre Dame under Elmer Layden. I was a daily observer and report-Layden. I was a daily observer and reporter during Leahy's peak season, 1949, and his one off-season, 1950. I see in Ara Parseghian the first head coach we've had in Knute Rockne's all-round class. The supreme test, however, will come in late years, if he finds himself at the top with no place to go but down.

CHET GRANT

Sir: Your story on the great Ara has found 50 particularly eager readers in Eu-

rope. Although trying to live like Austri-ans, those of us here in Notre Dame's first study program abroad have nevertheless caught the football fever. I don't believe unsold copy of TIME remains in all

RICHARD VEIT

#### Innsbruck, Austria Reflections on Goldwater

South Bend, Ind.

Sir: Your review of NBC's Profiles in Courage [Nov. 20] set me to pondering the central theme of the book; that to follow one's beliefs wherever they may lead, regardless of expediency, pressure lead, regardless of expediency, pressure and probable political suicide, demands a courage rarely manifested by many politicians. The late President Kennedy lauded the particular Senators in his book for displaying such courage and fidelity to their ideals. I find it highly ironical

that by exhibiting this type of political valor, Senator Goldwater satisfies, as no other political figure in America today, the idealistic criteria of President Kennedy.

Pittsburgh

ALAN DISLER

Ex-Senator Goldwater emerges from his defeat not only unchastened but unenlightened. He seems to believe that 26 million Republican votes were cast in endorsement of his "attitudes.

It is a fairly safe guess that about 80% of that vote was cast by Republicans who did not want to desert the party and voted Republican in spite of the candidat MRS. CARLTON WHEELER SMITH

#### San Diego

Sir: The two party system is dependent upon each party staying close enough to center and broad enough in platform so that a wide variety of ideologies can meet together, Unfortunately Senator Goldwa-ter and his supporters were so intent on offering a clear choice that they left no room on the platform for the moderates

CALVERT W. AUDRAIN Allston, Mass.

#### Urban Renewal, Outside In

Sir: Since the blighted areas are usually the oldest and, as such, the closest to the center, they represent potentially the highreal estate values, made for highdensity, high-rental and high tax-base use -not low-income housing. The converse is, of course, true of the peripheral sec-tions and suburbs. Thus it makes the most sense to develop housing there, benefiting from lower land cost, less expensive construction and smaller revenue loss, and to relocate tenants prior to slum-site clear-New kinds of commuter areas would thus be created, and with the provision of public transit, they would have the desirable effect not only of improved environment for the relocated and a more homogeneous urban-suburban population patgestion in Central City.

NORBERT N. TURKEL, A.I.A.

Riverdale, N.Y.

#### What Chou Grows

Sir: Your cover shot [Nov. 13] shows Chou barefaced. However, in a photo-graph supposedly taken the following day

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at the parade, he is distinctly mustached. Is it you . . . or glue? (Mrs.) Lynda Meerson

▶ Just a day's growth, and some fuzzy

Sir: The China-Russia rift is sure to mend. Look what China offers! Better

K. A. BRUFFEE

Charlottesville, Va.

Elmhurst, III.

Aligned, Not Allied

Sir: One of the maps accompanying the excellent survey "Communists" [Nov. 13] identified Finland as "Aligned with Russia." Finland was strictly neutral before 1939, has resolutely hewed to the same line since 1945, without any alliance or "alignment" agreements.

JOHN H. WUORINEN Professor of History

Columbia University New York City

▶ "Aligned," in that instance, meant in response to the pressing circumstance of

Man & Superman

Sir: Read with special interest the article on computers [Nov. 6]. My brilliant husband (one who is more objective would probably call him merely intelligent and clever) played three-dimensional, fourlevel tic-tac-toe with a computer that playlevel tic-tac-toe with a computer that play-fully responded during the course of com-petition: "Good try there," then "Let's see you get out of this," and "Now, real-ly." When Jim won, the machine, showing the good sportsman it is, gamely conceded: "It is amazing, but you did it." Good for the ego. MRS. JAMES M. APPOLD

Saginaw, Mich.

Those Kennedy Judges

As a citizen of the middle district of Georgia and of the city of Columbus, of Georgia and of the city of Columbus, I wish to correct the false image projected by your article upon Judge J. Robert El-liott and the federal court of the middle district. In Columbus, his hometown, the schools were integrated as scheduled un-der the plan submitted by the board of education without a riot, a boycott, or a sit-in. The stores, restaurants and theaters in Columbus cater equally to people of every race.

VINCENT F. BERGQUIST JR.

Atlanta

Sir: I have studied Mississippi politics and power structure for more than ten years, and I think that the former At-torney General Robert Kennedy, the Justice Department, its civil rights division, the Negro leaders-in Mississippi, and the civil rights organizations are barking up the wrong tree in Mississippi, with lawsuits, contempt trials against registrars, their voting schools, registration projects, freedom parties, etc. This is nothing more or less than political foolery.

Voting in Mississippi is no simple civil rights issue. It is purely and clearly a political issue, and it must, therefore, be dealt with by the rules of the game of politics. The Negro in Mississippi, as elsewhere, does not need anyone to fight his political fight for him. What he needs is the security of his life, of his person, of his property, and of his family, while he fights his fight. Anyone who cannot offer

this security to him may as well get out of Mississippi because he can only succeed in failing, thereby prolonging the life of "white supremacy

JAMES H. MEREDITH University of Ibadan Nigeria, West Africa

#### **Eugenic Sterilization**

I am so enraged after reading your article "The Difficulties of Getting De-sterilized" [Nov. 13], that I feel sick!

Have we degenerated into a society in which the intellectuals and politicians can dictate a man's private sex life? Thousands of men desert their families every day—is sterilization going to make them responsible fathers?

#### (MRS.) JOYCE S. COHEN New York City

Sir: Mr. Andrade's "punishment" having a penchant for producing children that he can't support may seem cruel to some, but it is more cruel to bring children into the world without thinking of what kind of a life they will lead only wish there were more Judge

Sprankles. GLORIA DOUNELIS

#### Antaeus It Was

Sir: Mr. Hubert Humphrey erroncously credits "that mythological god Atlas" with the ability "to touch the earth and gain the ability "to touch the earth and gain strength" [Election Extra]. Atlas was a Titan, not a god, whose function in Greek mythology was the support of the earth on his back. His strength was sapped, not supplemented, by the crushing burden.

The character Mr. Humphrey should have referred to is Antaeus, a giant who was held in the air by Hercules and thus slain when he was unable to touch the ground and regain his strength

#### BERNARD ROSENBLATT

#### Unselect Schools

Sir: While Mr. J. K. Jackson's letter [Nov. 6] is misleading. TIME's statement on Mr. Wilson's education is correct. Mr. Jackson seemed to infer in his final paragraph that past Prime Ministers educated by tutors fall below the status of those with a grammar school education. The very opposite is the case. A good private tutor is a more costly form of education than even that of Eton, I should know, for I was educated by the former and my brother at the latter, and I cost my father a great deal more with probably less to show for it save for a sound taste in wines and fast cars.

#### ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

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TIME, NOVEMBER 27, 1964

#### A little girl's toys tell a story

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TIME, NOVEMBER 27, 1964

#### A letter from the PUBLISHER

Benlas M. Quer

A JOURNALISTIC tenet holds that the best reporter is an observer of events, not a participant. But in almost every correspondent's career there comes a moment when the only thing he can do is stop looking and start participating. One of those moments came to Time's Caracas Bureau Chief Mo García as he finished observing a hot-tempered political rally in British Guiana, the British colony where a violent conflict is going on between Negroes and East Indians (see THE HEMI-SPHERE). The Negroes bitterly oppose and the East Indians support Leftist Premier Cheddi Jagan. Turning to leave the rally. García noticed a commotion beyond the glare of floodlights and heard shouts: "She's dying! She's dead!" Wedging his way through a crowd of about 40 Negroes, García found an East Indian girl of about 18 on her knees, trying to ward off the crowd of anti-Jaganites who had partly torn off her clothes and were showering her with kicks and blows.

"I lifted her with my left arm,"
Graria reported, "and she clung to
me for her life." The reporter yelled.
The the go, she's just a girl," but to
no avail. As he tried to earry her to
no avail. As he tried to earry her to
safety, the rest of the girls clothing
was ripped off; García's pockets were
picked, his watch was snatched from
his wrist, his head was smacked with
what felt like a piece of pipe, and
something smashed against his right
kidney. His knees sagged, but

kept going.

Warding off blows as best he could,
García at last reached a couple of
mounted policemen and shouted,
over and over again, "Can you proteet this girl?" The cops did nothing,
and the mob closed in again, chaning obscenities, pummeling the newsman and clawing at the girl. García
managed to d'rag the girl anorale
30 yds. or so along the street before the mob stopped them. There

Ar

Le



GARCÍA RECOVERING

seemed no escape, but at that moment a black car rolled up and the crowd fell back, afraid that more responsive police had arrived. The driver turned out to be a hospital official rather than a policeman; he managed to take the girl to the hospital, and drop the blood-drenched correspondent at his hotel.

García hunted up a doctor, who stitched up a 11-in. gash cleaving through to the skull. For García, a laconic, spotlight-shunning sort, the aftermath was almost worse than the ordeal of the rescue. There were grateful phone calls from Premier Jagan's U.S.-born wife Janet, a U.S. State Department protest, and an announcement that the mounted cops who had ignored García's pleas for help had been suspended. The final flourish was the arrival of a delegation of East Indian women who brought a document of thanks and a pair of gold cuff links, then placed a garland of pink oleander and purple madaar flowers on the correspondent's stitched-up head. IT'S DIFFICULT ROLE FOR ME TO PLAY AND OUITE EMBARRASSING. García cabled New York. I FEEL FINE EXCEPT FOR HEADACHE AND PAINS ALL OVER.

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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP

# TIME

November 27, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 22

#### THE NATION

#### DISPOSAL RESULTS AS OF SEPTEMB



McNAMARA MAKING ANNOUNCEMENT Rock-hard and irrevocable.

#### DEFENSE

#### With Courage & Good Sense

"These decisions," said Robert Me-Namara, "are absolutely, unequivocally, without qualification, irrevocable unless some new evidence is brought to our attention, and the chances of that

With that rock-hard statement, the U.S. Secretary of Defense last week announced an action for which he deserves the silver star with enough oakleaf clusters to foliate a forest. Instead about all he is likely to get is a political purple heart. He is closing down, phasing out or consolidating 95 military installations, ranging from isolated radio towers and obsolete missile sites to some of the nation's most famous airbases and some of its biggest shipyards. Eighty of the installations are in the 15 abroad; in all, 33 states and the District of Columbia will be affected. By the time the shutdown program is completed, 63,401 jobs will be eliminated, 376,720 acres will be released for nondefense use, and an estimated annual saving of \$477 million will be achieved.

With Good Reason. High time, too. Many of the bases were relics of a military establishment that was built to a peak during World War II. They have been kept open as needless (some of them operating at only 15% to 30% of capacity), inefficient, costly monuments to the politicians' notion that military spending provides a sure and painless path to local prosperity.

Secretary McNamara began cutting down on such installations almost as soon as he took office in 1961. Before last week, he had closed 574 of them. thereby eliminating 85,834 jobs (32,921 civilian and 52,913 military), declaring 1.083,978 acres and 61 industrial plants surplus and saving \$576.8 million a year. But the bases involved in last week's announcement were, for the most part, larger and therefore more politically sacred. McNamara described as "absolute baloney" the idea that he had waited until after the elections to make his move. He had, of course, done just that-but even the politicians who were firing barrages at him would privately admit that his timing was simply political realism.

A Tip to the Yard, On the day he fore he made his announcement, Me-Namara and his aides got 160 telephone calls from Members of Congress, most of them protesting the prospect that installations in their districts or states might be closed. When McNamara issued his list, Republicans and Democrats, conservatives and liberals, joined in the chorus of anger.

Informed that Hunter Air Force Base at Savannah was to be a victim. Georgia's Democratic Senator Richard Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, cried: "It is totally unjustified, and I shall challenge this decision vigorously!" Most anguished of all were the New Yorkers, confronted by the loss of several installations including the Brooklyn Navy Yard. In rare agreement were Republicans Nelson Rockefeller and Jack Javits and Democrats Robert Wagner and Bobby Kennedy. Bobby even made a trip to the navy yard to commiserate with workers there

More than Survival. The idea that an old military installation is vital to local prosperity is mostly myth, as has been demonstrated time and again by communities that have not only survived the loss of bases but actually benefited. Thus, when Donaldson Air Force Base in Greenville, S.C. was closed in 1963, the city and county took over 2,400 acres, turned the property

into an industrial park that will create 4,800 new jobs in the area-more than the base ever provided. Firestone and General Electric acquired parts of an Army signal depot in Decatur, Ill., have expanded employment by 50%. Most notable was the bounce back of Presque Isle. Me., which converted an abandoned airbase into Skyway Industrial Park, quickly brought to the area plywood, shoe, and box manufacturers. along with propane, paper, and printing companies. All told, the industrial park as part of a complex drew 2,000 new jobs to the area, compared with 1,475 at the old installation.

Many former military sites have been taken over by educational institutions, including the Universities of California, Kansas, Pittsburgh and Manin Examples: 500 acres at San Diego, once owned by the Marine Corps, now serve as a new campus for the University of South-western Louisiana for a new branch that will have 3,000 students.

To appreciate all that, of course, requires a long-range view, and, in making his bold move, Secretary McNamara risked shortsighted attack. It is clear that he had the full backing of the President. Lyndon Johnson's willingness to shoulder the political consequences demonstrated a high degree of courage and sense.



KENNEDY & BROOKLYN NAVY YARD WORKER Angry and anguished.



HISTORIC FORT JAY ON GOVERNORS ISLAND
What price economy?

#### Erasina the Obsolete

The installations that Secretary Mc-Namara is cutting away are a do-thejob mixture of the relatively new and the quite old. An Air Force photographic mission on Lookout Mountain at Los Angeles will be deactivated. Thirteen sites that had been specially constructed to launch early-model Atlas and Titan intercontinental ballistic missiles, now obsolete and replaced by new Titans plus the solid-fuel Minuteman and Polaris rockets, will be wiped out. Sixteen radar stations that are antiquated in their equipment and cannot feasibly be worked into the integrated, highly sophisticated early-warning system upon which the U.S. and Canada are spending, and will continue to spend, many millions of dollars, are to be closed down. Some sprawling manned-aircraft installations, of diminishing usefulness in the reign of the guided missile, will go. So will four Army training bases (Camp Atterbury, Ind., Fort Custer, Mich., and Camp Parks and Camp San Luis Obispo, both in California) that have, in the absence of full-scale war, been inactive for months, and are now inhabited only by caretakers and cobwebs.

Four of the eleven U.S. Government shipyards are on the list. McNamara's choices were based on a slide-rule cost-hoices were based on a slide-rule cost-hoices were based on a slide-rule cost-hoices where the slide of the slide

area; and because [its elimination] produces the smallest savings."

Poblem of History, McNamara's greatest public relations problem was in doing away with a fair number of indoing away with a fair number of installations that are, if nothing else, steeped in history, One was the Portset of the days of John Paul Jones. Since wided by the hippard (72,00 employ-wided by the hippard (72,00 employ-wid

out scheedule for the installation.

As for the Brooklyn Navy Yard, its lineage goes back to 1637. It was commended between 1841 and 1843 by the manded between 1841 and 1843 by the property of the property

6,600 Left. Also slated to end its life as a military installation is Fort Jay on Governors Island just half a mile off the southern tip of Manhattan. A off the southern tip of Manhattan. A land in 1637 from Indians for—according to legend—two asheads, a string of beads and a few nails. Parts of Fort Jay still bear the marks of British shells from the American Revolution. Since U.S. First, Array, which is no for the voicidated with the Second Army at Fort George Meade, Maryland.

Wherever possible, McNamara tried to ease the immediate economic impact on communities affected by shutdowns. He set up a committee, composed of representatives from eleven Government agencies, to study the problems of

such communities, work with local officials in making the economic transition. Said he: "There is a social cost, and we plan to meet it." But it was nonetheless true that the social or even the economic cost was well worth paying as against the enormous price of a sprawling, unwieldy and antiquated system of military establishments.

After McNamara's cuts, the U.S. will still have no fewer than 6,600 military installations, and the Defense budget will still amount to \$46.7 billion. That's a lot of defense.

#### The Firebee

Communist China held an official ceremony celebrating a "major victory" in the shooting down of "a pilotless, high-altitude reconnaissance military plane of U.S. imperialism" over Central-South China. The U.S. reaction was a classic "Who, me?" The widely known fact was that the Chicoms, for once, were not lying.

The U.S. has indeed been conducting intensive aerial reconnaissance over South China, North Viet Nam and the Laotian panhandle—where two U.S. jets were downed last week by Communist fire (see THE WORLD). All these neighborhoods would be staging areas for troop concentrations if the Viet Nam war were to escalate.

The pilotless plane the Chinese shot down almost certainly was a Ryan Firebee flown out of South Viet Nam. The Ryan Aeronautical Co. of San Diego has sold some 2,000 such aircraft to the Defense Department. With a 12-ft. 10-in, wingspan, the Firebee can fly at a maximum altitude of 61,000 ft., attains speeds of up to 633 m.p.h., and can stay up for an hour and a half. It is launched from a mother ship, generally a Lockheed C-130 Hercules, from a distance up to 200 miles away from the target area. The mother ship maintains line-of-sight radar surveillance, hovers around until the drone has taken its pictures and, with the help of its preset inertial guidance system, returns and parachutes or is guided to a soft landing. The Firebee is mostly used as a target drone, but, as the Ryan company itself points out in a brochure, it is "a stable platform and can house surveillance cameras



FIREBEE (WITH BOOSTER ROCKET)
Who, me? Who else?

TIME, NOVEMBER 27, 1964

#### THE ADMINISTRATION

#### Off the Chest & into the Fire

John Edgar Hoover, who almost singlehanded turned a subsidiary department of the U.S. Department of Justice into that internationally famous unit known as the FBI, has long been an enigma within an enigma. His critics have accused him of being a publicity seeker; yet Hoover as a rule will not even pose for a picture unless he has a prepublication look at the story that is to go with it, and in the 40 years that he has headed the Federal Bureau of Investigation, his open-forum press conferences have been as scarce as hens' teeth.

But last week, all of a sudden, Hoover agreed to talk over coffee cups with a group of Washington newswomen at the request of that professional presidential-press-conference pest, Sarah McClendon. The session lasted for 21 hours, and the enigmatic Mr. Hoover managed, if nothing else, to get a

lot of things off his chest Most Curious. For one thing, he was smarting under the Warren Commission's criticism that the FBI had failed to inform the Secret Service that Lee Harvey Oswald, whom Hoover's boys had under on-and-off surveillance for months, was a possible threat to the life of President Kennedy. The criticism, said Hoover, was "a classic example of Monday-morning quarterbacking." Since the assassination, Hoover said, the FBI has started turning over to the Secret Service "thousands of names of beatniks and kooks and crackpots." But, he added, he didn't see how all this was going to help the Secret Service, since it was "hopelessly undermanned and ill-equipped to do the job it is supposed to do.

Criticism of the FBI for its failures in the Kennedy case, said Hoover, was "unjust and unfair." That was most curious, since Hoover himself ordered disciplinary action against three FBI agents, including James Hosty Jr., the Dallas agent who had been keeping an eye on Oswald for months, who was suspended for 30 days without pay and

transferred to Kansas City. "All the Same." But in his blasts against the Warren Commission, Hoover was relatively mild. FBI agents in Mississippi, he said, had been rendered all but helpless because the state is "filled with water moccasins, rattlesnakes, and red-neck sheriffs, and they are all in the same category, as far as I am concerned." In even more vitriolic style, the FBI chief attacked the South's most revered integrationist, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., who, even as Hoover delivered his blast, was in the Bahamas working on his Nobel Peace Prize acceptance speech, to be delivered in Oslo on Dec. 10.

"I remember," said Hoover to the newsladies, "the notorious Martin Luther King making a speech in the South some months ago where he advised the

Negroes not to report any violations to our Albany, Georgia, agents because they were all Southerners." A check of FBI records, said Hoover, had proved that of five agents in racially torn Albany one was from New York, one from Massachusetts, one from Indiana, one from Minnesota, and one from Georgia. Then Hoover delivered the line that rang round the world. Said he of King: "He is the most notorious liar in the country."

Somewhat awed by the size of their scoop, the newsladies anxiously asked if they could quote Hoover on that. Indeed they could, said the FBI chief. But the next day one of his aides entered some qualifications, "He didn't say everything King said was a lie," said the "Just that specific point on Albany." Exactly when had King said such



low civil rights leaders-including Roy

Wilkins, Whitney Young, James Farmer

and A. Philip Randolph-came angrily

to his defense during a visit to the White

House, got what they later described as

noncommittal answers from President

Johnson. King himself responded with a

telegram to Hoover: "I was appalled

and surprised at your reported state-

ment maligning my integrity. What mo-

tivated such an irresponsible accusation

is a mystery to me. I have sincerely

questioned the effectiveness of the FBI

in racial incidents, particularly where

bombings and brutalities against Ne-

groes are at issue, but I have never at-

tributed this merely to the presence of

Southerners in the FBI." In a cutting

statement to the press, King said that

Hoover's assertion seemed to indicate

that the G-man "has apparently faltered

under the awesome burdens, complexi-

In addition to his broadsides against

HOOVER

KING IN BIMINI The girls got guite a scoop. a thing about the FBI in Albany? A ers to the hospital room of Walter Jen-Hoover aide produced a quote in a kins even as the FBI was being assigned Nov. 20, 1962, clipping from the Chicaby President Johnson to investigate the go Defender, a Negro newspaper. "Appalled & Surprised." King's fel-

Jenkins case J. Edgar's outburst left a lot of people puzzling over what had happened to the tight-lipped old G-man. Some felt that, because he will reach the mandatory retirement age of 70 on Jan. 1, this was simply a parting shot before he turned in his badge. Yet Lyndon Johnson signed an executive order last May that allows Hoover to stay on no matter how old he is. Still, it was obvious that Hoover had been chafing for a long time in his unfamiliar role as a Justice Department underling, and his reverberating blast to the newshens was one way to ease that frustration. J. Edgar Hoover has many old foes, has made a legion of new ones recently; undoubtedly there will be vastly increased pressures on the White House from now on to boot the old fellow out of his job.

<sup>o</sup> Last week Assistant FBI Director William C. Sullivan said that some 200 Communists were among the 200,000 civil rights demonstrators who participated in last year's March

the Warren Commission and the Rev. Dr. King, Hoover took the occasion of his kaffeeklatsch with the newswomen to denounce law enforcement in New York City ("New York's Central Park -no one dares walk there even in the daytime, and there are holdups on 5th Avenue at 9:30 or 10 at night"), and inveigh against "bleeding hearts," a term that, to his mind, embraced everyone from local judges who "ought to have more guts when it comes to handing down sentences" against juvenile delinquents, to Supreme Court justices.

"Stuck," Such public outspokenness was most uncharacteristic. Beyond frequent releases about crime and the threats of Communism within the U.S.. 9 Hoover has generally limited himself to more mute, though sometimes surprising, expressions of his sentiments. He resented Robert Kennedy's efforts as Attorney General to take a hand in running the FBI, and he has barely spoken to Bobby since President Kennedy's assassination. He sent a bouquet of flow-



TIME. NOVEMBER 27, 1964

#### THE PRESIDENCY

#### All Around the Park

The President of the U.S. looked rested—maybe a little bit heftier around the middle, but with far smaller bags beneath his eyes. He went out of his way to be solicitous of his staff. He was quite frankly, resentful of reserved in the staffers wanted out from under the pressures that he put upon them. He noted that Aide Jack Valenti, who he noted that Aide Jack Valenti, who he note said "est up with me every morning," now does not arrive at the White House until nearly 9 a.m. He let it house until nearly 9 a.m. He let it as State Department farewell cockail a State Department farewell cockail party for longtime Presidential Assist-

gamut of foreign affairs problems in talks with several advisers. He called in House leaders, told them to put the medicare and aid-to-Appalachia bills at the top of their priority lists.

Soturdoy Night Competition. But there was also time for home life. Lyndon and Lady Bird eelebrated their 30th weedling anniversary at dinner distribution of the competition of the comp

he hammed it up for photographers by trying to corral a mournful-looking steer.

Awaiting the Johnsons at the ranch was some good news. Across the Pedernales River from the ranch, local promoters had been planning to set up a kind of tourist trap with curio shops and snack bars, motels and filling stations.

But this was not to be. Last week the Texas parks and wildlife commission, whose most influential member, A. W. Mourstand, is an old, close Johnson Iriend and the principal trustee, during Lyndon's presidency, of the Johnson business interests, announced that it was taking over a total of 245 acres across the river to make them the Lyndon Baines Johnson State Park.

#### In Remembrance

The tributes to John F. Kennedy's memory poured forth, ranging from official orations to folk songs, from churchly ritual to crass commercialism, from public breast beating to silent prayer. It was the anniversary of the assassination, and those who knew his juck, sensitive, critical mind could not help but speculate on how he would have commented on the observance.

The "Broody" Look. In Washington, President Johnson issued a proclamation saying: "In churches and homes everywhere, on Nov. 22 let us rededicate ourselves to the pursuit of those ideals of human dignity in which he believed and whose course he so brilliantly illuminated." A shop-window placard in New York's Times Square proclaimed: SALE! COLLECTOR'S ITEM. KENNEDY HALF-DOLLAR, 88¢. Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing prepared a sermon for a special Mass that said: "He became the voice of mankind to interpret the issues of the day and to help lead our generation to higher levels toward an era of relaxing tension, humane hopes, and peace on earth. We thank God, however, that we had him, even for less than three years, as the first Catholic President of the United States." And an NBC-TV producer named Lou Hazam spoke boastfully about his Kennedy documentary (one of several commemorative efforts by networks) because his crew had shot the route of Kennedy's funeral procession in infra-red film: "It turns the sky black, the leaves on the trees white, and we get a 'broody' look.'

Lou Harris, Kennedy's favorite pollster in 1960, reported on a national survey indicating that 35% of the people miss Kennedy more now than they did a year ago, that 35% have no strong "time is healing the wound." Nearly five-dozen books about Kennedy or his assassination are on the market. West Germany proudly issued a new J.F.K. postage stamp last week, but tiny Sierra Leone had already achieved an insurprinting 14 different Kennedy viamps in



JOHNSON & FREEMAN CHASING STEER ON L.B.J. RANCH No crow on the menu.

ant Ralph Dungan, who has been named Ambassador to Chile. They attended, and they carefully came as individuals, not as part of Johnson's escort. And they insisted, one and all, that they had no intention of leaving Lyndon Johnson.

President Johnson also was leafing through the reports of 16 study-group task forces that were plopping onto his desk. Just what the task forces are supposed to be studying is, by Johnson's order, top secret, but from their recommendations will almost certainly come some of the specifics of the Great Society.

Out from the White House to all department heads last week went the word to "economize," conomize," The President huddled for many hours with Budget Director Kermit Gordon, searching for ways to keep fiscal 1965 requests just below the sinister \$100 billion mark. The President ran the

City, Lyndon's gifts for Lady Bird; a pair of diamond-and-gold earrings, a quiet vacation trip to any place she chooses, and as a gag, a framed picture of Gunsmoke's Matt Dillon, inscribed, "To Lady Bird and my Saturday night competition."

The same day, Lyndon had stepped into the Rose Garden to accept a Thanksgiving turkey from the National Turkey Federation and the Poultry and Egg National Board. Eying the 40-lb. Iowa gobbler, he quipped: "I wasn't quite sure what I would eat for Thanksgiving, but I'm glad it's turkey.

Preserving the Ploce. Back at the L.B.J. ranch for the Thanksgiving holiday, the President took the wheel of his station wagon and, horn a-honking, led a six-car cavalcade of guests and newsmen through herds of frightened cattle, sheep and horses. With Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman,



DE WELDON'S BUST OF KENNEDY A tribute to style and spirit.

the last year. A bronze bust of Kennedy by Sculptor Felix de Weldon, who did the massive statue of the Iwo Jima flag raising for the Marine Corps War Memorial in Arlington, Va., was accepted by President Johnson; it will eventually be placed in the \$10 million Kennedy Memorial Library.

Gaucherie & Tears. A special memorial symphony was written by Roy Harris (an American composer frequently given to writing symphonic paeans to the U.S.) for performance by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in London. The University of Indiana chorus prepared a new oratorio, taken from a Nov. 24, 1963, New York Times editorial that began: "The leaden skies of yesterday were like a pall." Sicilian troubadours chanted a musical legend that grew up among the island's villagers after Kennedy died: "With his big heart and full of courage/ He attracted the people with his manner/ And many, many learned the language/ Of peace and loyalty without making fools of themselves

The U.S. Information Agency last week issued for public showing in 114 to countries (but not the U.S.) a 90-initiate documentary film, narrated by Gregory Peck, called John F. Kennedy; Years of Lightning, Day of Drams. Among selected U.S. audiences who were allowed to see the film, some persons who had been close to Kennedy felt that it reflected too much Holly-wood gaucherie. But to most it brought unabashed team

At Kennedy's tomb in Arlington National Cemetery, where a \$2,000,-000 monument is planned, thousands marched by each day. Cemetery authorities had received so many requests to lay wreaths at the graveside on Nov. 22 that they closed reservations months ago, granted permission for 21 such ceremonies; among the privileged few were West German Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder and Juanita Castro. anti-Castro sister of the Cuban dictator. Last week Miss Castro said that her brother was in part responsible for Kennedy's assassination because he "must have influenced" Lee Oswald by constantly calling the President "the illiterate millionaire" and a "murderer."

The family planned no special observance. Mother Rose and Faiher Jose were to stay at Hyannis Port. Jackie, as the official year of mourning cance to an end, planned to remain pretty much in seclusion. Bobby was to attend Mass in Washington's St. Matthew's Cartherfal, where the President's funeral was held. where the President's funeral was held. to take his first steps since, his back was broken in June, and now hopes to wisk under his own power into the Senate when it convenes in January.

"Essence of Potentiality." The outpouring of memorials was new testimony to the well-established fact that John F. Kennedy's style had caught the imagination of people around the world.

The best of the memorials were, correctly, a tribute to his spirit rather than an attempt to overstate his accomplishments. Amid all the words written or spoken or sung, none put the tragedy and the truth of Kennedy's death into better perspective than the first two sentences in the script of An Essay on Death, a National Education Television documentary. "This is a program about death. It is also a commemoration of a man who was among us a short while ago, and one who, having been the essence of potentiality, stirred in us a deep and perplexing grief because that potentiality was shattered in an instant.

## The Others

And what of some of the other people drawn, whether or not by their own design, into the assassination of President Kennedy and its aftermath? In the intervening year, the lives of most of them have changed dramatically.

MARINA OSWALD, 23, the assassin's Russian-born wife, was a pitiable creature, beaten and burdened by a psychotic husband who was a flat-out failure in every way. After Oswald was killed. sympathetic people sent Marina some \$60,000. She moved into a \$15,000. three-bedroom, air-conditioned brick house in a Dallas suburb. She had her teeth fixed, now affects fashionable coiffures and Neiman-Marcus clothes. She bought her own membership in Dallas' Music Box, a private club, and she turns up frequently with dates. Marina tosses down shots of vodka, chases them with 7-Up. She often outdrinks her escorts, despite the fact that when Oswald was alive he forbade her to drink hard liguor. She chain-smokes, though Oswald once slapped her for smoking a cigarette in his presence. So far, she has refused to change her name, although she worries some about the stigma affecting her children, June Lee, 2, and Rachel, 1. She has had mountains of marriage proposals and other bizarre propositions (a man from Kentucky offered her \$50,000 if she would let him exhibit Oswald's body in a sideshow, another \$100,000 if she would accompany the display). She still broods about last Nov. 22, and she feels particularly bad

about Jackie Kennedy's loss. "It's hard enough to lose a bad husband," said Marina. "I wonder how it is to lose a good one." As the assassination anniversary rushed at her last week, Marina Oswald became increasingly tense and morose. At week's end she checked into a hospital. The cause: nervous exhaustion.

JACK RUBY, 53, the strip-joint owner who killed Oswald in the Dallas police station, often kneels in beady-eved terror on the floor of his jail cell, and babbles that he can hear the screams of U.S. Jews who are being killed or castrated in the streets because of his crime. Such are his demented dreams that previously friendly guards have all but stopped playing dominoes with him, and Ruby spends hours hunched over on his bunk playing solitaire. Ruby has tried three times to kill himself-by battering his head against a wall, ripping up his trousers to make a noose. and poking his finger in an electric light socket. Ruby's onetime pride and joy, the tawdry Carousel Club, has been sold, and Mrs. Grant says the family is nearly broke. Ruby's attorney, Phil Burleson, last week filed a 6,341-page appeal and transcript of Ruby's trial in hopes that the state Court of Criminal Appeals would grant another hearingpossibly in February or March.

MARGUERIT OSWAD, 57, the assassin's mother, lives in Fort Worth and wallows in woe and self-pity. She still insists shrilly that her son did not murder Kennedy alone, says. "I think Lee was a paty. I think President Kennedy was a victim of people in the State Department." She complains that she has been taken by money-grabbing writers who gleaned information from her, then "didn't even send me \$10." She asks, "Why shouldn't there be as much sym-



GUARD AT OSWALD'S FORT WORTH GRAVE

A new life for his wife.

pathy for me as the President's family? After all, my son was murdered." Mrs. Oswald frequently visits her son's grave in Fort Worth's Rose Hill Cemetery, sometimes lays bouquets of plastic flowers at the headstone. Fort Worth police still maintain an all-night guard at the gravesite to prevent vandalism.

Mrs. J. D. TIPPIT, 36, wife of the Dallas policeman Oswald killed, received sympathy contributions totaling \$643,863.08. She has spent almost none of the money, still lives in the same modest house in a Dallas suburb (a Philadelphia banker has paid off the mortgage), has the same 1961 station wagon (which still has generator trouble). Half of her fortune is in trust for her two sons, 14 and 5, and her daughter, 11. In the dining room of her home there is a photograph of the Kennedy family, with an inscription from Jackie Kennedy saying: "There is another bond we share. We must remind our children all the time what brave men their fathers were.

GOVERNOR JOHN CONNALLY, 47, who was wounded in the same limousine in which Kennedy died, was uneasy in large crowds during his winning gubernatorial campaign this fall, often jumped nervously at sudden noises. His right wrist, smashed with one of Oswald's bullets, still gives him trouble. He must eat left-handed, has difficulty brushing his teeth, cannot handle small coins with his right hand. Obviously scarred by his involvement, he sobbed recently during a television interview about the assassination. At a press conference last week, he said: "More than ever before, I have tried to keep uppermost in my mind what things are of lasting value and to be grateful for the time I have, to be more aware of the things you really hold dear and to be constantly grateful for the things you really know in your heart to be of lasting value and strength."

JESSE CURIN, S.I., chief of the Dallas Police Department, drew volcanie criticism for allowing reporters and cameramen at police headquarters to all but dictate his handling of Oswald and for the policy of the control of Curry suffers from high blood pressure, seldom appears in public now, but his job is considered safe, for if Dallas officials fired him they would be in effect class fired him they would be in effect.

# THE CONGRESS

Filling Hubert's Shoes

In Minnesota, politicswise, whomever Hubert Humphrey wants, Hubert gets, And last week the whom that he got was Walter Frederick ("Fritz") Mondale, 36, appointed by Democratic Governor Karl Rolvang to take over the remaining two years of the Vice President-elect's Senate term. Why did Humphrey want Fritz Mon-Why did Humphrey want Fritz Mon-



MONDALE & FAMILY
Up from the pea packery.

dale? The son of a Methodist minister, Mondale worked part of his way at St. Paul's Macalester College for a canning company, inspecting peas for lice. He soon decided that this kind of life did not appeal to him. Turning to politics, which was the solid pease of the solid pease

Aid to Gideon, Mondale went to Washington with Humphrey, became an official of Students for Democratic Action, at 30 managed Orville Free-



PASTORE & FRIEND (IN PROVIDENCE, R.I.)

Down from an early lead.

man's successful campaign for a third term as Governor. In 1960 Freeman appointed him to fill the eight-month unexpired term of the state's attorney general, who had resigned. Mondale was elected on his own later that year: in 1962, running for re-election, he led everyone on the Minnesota ballot, Democrat and Republican.

A working liberal, Mondale made a name for himself outside Minnesota by his part in the case of Clarence Earl Gideon, subject of New York Timesman Anthony Lewis' excellent book. Gideon's Trumpet. Gideon, an impoverished Florida convict, based an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court on the ground that he could not afford counsel. in effect asked the court to extend to state courts the federal requirement that indigent felons have a right to free counsel. Florida's attorney general, in fighting the Gideon case, wrote the attorneys general of every other state asking them to write briefs protesting Gideon's plea. Mondale not only refused, but was instrumental in having a brief drawn up urging that the Court find in Gideon's favor. He also helped to get 22 other attorneys general to sign the brief.

All that was enough to make Humphrey want Mondale in Washington and enough to make him an interesting U.S. Senator.

Scolded Stin. Montale's appointment filled only one of the two vacancies left by Humphrey's election. There still was the matter of who would get Humphrey's job as Senate majority whip, to be decided at a Senate Demo-cratic caucus early in January. Front unners since the Democratic Convention have been Rhode Islam's John Oklahoma's Mike Montroney, with Pastore generally considered to enjoy the edge—at least in the beginning.

Pastore, the Johnson-picked keynote speaker at the Democratic National Convention, made his bid by sending a form letter to every Democratic Senator, announcing his availability for the post. Monroney mounted a frantic campaign that has included calls to Senators traveling in Yugoslavia, Japan, the Virgin Islands and throughout the U.S.

Despite these efforts, Russell Long has quietly edged into the pre-January lead. He has the affable, let's-havea-drink-and-talk-it-over personality beloved by other Senators, whereas Pastore, admittedly one of the Senate's most forceful debaters, has left many a senatorial skin scalded by his boiling oratory. The major handicap to Long's chance is his record as an anti-civil rights filibusterer, but it is an indication of the probable climate of the next Congress that this is no longer considered a drawback, since legislatively speaking, civil rights is no longer considered a problem. Thus, unless President Johnson really pulls Pastore up by the hand, Long is likely to be the new whip.

## CIVIL RIGHTS

"Do Not Despair"

McComb, Miss., a town of 12,400 people set in the harsh, pine-dotted country in the southwestern corner of the state, quaintly refers to itself as "the Camellia City of America." In recent years McComb has justly earned a reputation as the toughest anti-civil rights community in the toughest anti-civil rights area in the toughest anti-civil

rights state in the Union

By rough count (which is the way McComb counts such things), during the past year at least 13 Negro homes, churches or business places have been bombed, another half-dozen burned Local cops have harassed more than they have helped, and the courts have offered little comfort. When nine whites were arrested and pleaded guilty or nolo contendere (no contest) in the bombing of Negro homes-a charge that carries a maximum penalty of death-County Judge W. H. Watkins freed them all with suspended sentences. As Watkins explained, they had been "unduly provoked" by civil rights workers, some of whom "are people of low morality and unhygienic." Besides, said Watkins to the defendants, "you are mostly young men" [five were 35 or older] who "deserve a second chance."

So hopeless seemed McComb that even the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, most militant of the major civil rights groups, closed its Mc-Comb office three years ago and never reopened it because, as one worker explained, "we just couldn't hold on without endangering lives." But last week it appeared that not even McComb was

Trying to Be Fair. In a federal district court in Biloxi, civil rights lawvers reguested that Pike County (of which McComb is the principal town) Sheriff R. R. Warren, McComb Police Chief George Guy, Mississippi State Public Safety Director T. B. Birdsong and three McComb patrolmen be enjoined from interfering with Negroes' civil rights. In their brief, they cited instance after instance in which rights workers were arrested and imprisoned on questionable charges. Last month, they said. local cops arrested 13 workers for operating a food-handling establishment without a permit-when all they were doing was cooking their own meals. Others told of being kicked, punched, and poked in the genitals while being booked for trespassing, then being tossed into crowded cells with concrete shelves for beds and overflowing holes in the floor for toilets

The defendants seemed astonished by such news, "We have tried to be fair, said Chief Guy. "Sometimes that's very difficult." When German-born Laurie Smith testified that she had volunteered to work on a project for helping Mississippi's Negroes get registered for voting. Assistant State Attorney General William Allain demanded: "Have you asked to help any of the good white folks in Mississippi? Well, have you? After two days of testimony, Federal Judge Sidney Mize adjourned the hearing until next week, will probably rule in December

Concerted Conspiracy. The second legal attack came before a three-judge panel of the Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans, where a battery of civil rights lawyers attempted to invoke an 1866 Reconstruction statute empowering federal courts to appoint

# THE STATES: TAX. TAX: OWE. OWE

State and local tax bills increased by 6.6% during 1963, and they have risen a total of 53% in the past decade, according to a report released last week by the Bureau of the Census, Despite this, state debt climbed even faster, last year stood more than 7% above 1962 and 64% above the total of ten years ago. The state-by-state per capita tax bill and per capita share of state debt. from highest to lowest:

Per Canita Tay

1. N.Y \$327.42	Wash. \$886.5 N.Y. 834.8
2. Calif 318.98	
3. Nev 295.00	Del. 800.6
4. Wis 287.10	Conn. 738.5
5. Wash. 271.28	Alaska 724.7
6. Mass 269.70	Md. 618.0
7. Minn 268.57	Mass. 583.6
8. Conn. 263.95	Hawaii 571.4
9. Mich. 261.75	Calif 541.4
10. Colo. 259.48	La 507.7
11. Hawaii 256.47	Pa 490.6
12. Del 255.25	N.J. 467.2
13. Wyo. 254.01	Tenn 463.1
14. Kans. 249.45	III
15. III. 246.49	Ore. 438.3
16. Ariz. 245.84	Texas 437.7
17. Iowa 244.75	Mich 433.8
18. N.J 243.31	R.I 430.9
19. Ore. 242.55	Fla. 427.4
20. Mont. 241.41	Neb 426.0
21. Vt. 231.66	Kans 418.9
22. R.I 230.71	Minn. 417.9
23. Md. 229.88	Ariz. 404.4
24. Alaska 227.79	Ky 403.9
25. S. Dak. 223.96	0kla
26. Utah 221,78	Colo
27. N. Dak. 216.32	Ohio 375.2
28. Ind. 210.03	Nev. 371.9
29. Pa. 208.70	Ga
30. Idaho 208.58	Ala
31. Ohio 207.40	Wyo. 323.4
32. N. Mex. 207.31	N. Mex 318.3
	Utah 312.5
33. Me. 204.48 34. Fla. 202.92	
35. N.H. 202.92	
37. Neb 197.79 38. Okla 196.42	
	Mo 283.8
39. Mo 193.71 40. Texas 190.80	Ind 280.8
	Miss 279.4
	Vt 271.9
	Me 264.7
	W. Va 253.1
	N. Dak 246.4
	Idaho 221.3
	N.C. 216.7 S.C. 213.0
	S.C. 213.0
	Ark. 209.2
	Iowa 186.5
50. Ala 140.20	S. Dak 96.8

special U.S. commissioners to police areas where citizens are being denied their rights. Judge Mize had thrown the case out of his court last July, and the lawyers were appealing.

In their brief, they accused a formi-

dable array of Mississippi officials and organizations of a "concerted, planned and organized conspiracy" to deny the Negro his rights. Among the defendants named: Sheriff L. C. Rainey and Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price of Neshoba County, where three young civil rights workers were murdered last summer, the white Citizens Councils, the Ku Klux Klan, and Americans for the Preservation of the White Race.

In a brief supported by more than 250 affidavits, the lawyers pleaded for the application of "judicial remedies against the carnage that is today occurring" throughout the state. As things stand, they said, "the Negro seeking his civil rights and liberties and the fulfillment of his status as a citizen and a human being has become a virtual out-

law in Mississippi.'

A mere temporary restraining order, argued Lawyer Arthur Kinoy, would go a long way toward remedving this situation. "Even if it has no effect on the perpetrators of violence," said Kinov, it will tell the Negroes of Mississippi and the people of America, 'Do not despair, do not despair of the American system of government. There is rule of law, there is a judicial tribunal that will answer your pleas for justice.'

The Time to Speak Out. The most remarkable thing was that even Mc-Comb. consistently the most intransigent of the intransigent, was obviously awed by the fact that there is a rule of law. The day before the Biloxi hearing started, 650 of the town's leading doctors, lawyers, ministers and businessmen placed a full-page ad in the Mc-Comb Enterprise-Journal declaring that "the time has come for responsible people to speak out for what is right and against what is wrong," Said the ad's signers, who described themselves as "Citizens for Progress": "There is only one responsible stance we can take and that is for equal treatment under the law for all citizens regardless of race, creed, position or wealth." To restore peace, they urged an end to "harassment arrests" by local lawmen, cancellation of "economic threats and sanctions against people of both races" and the reopening of "avenues of communication and understanding."

Apparently, the ad had a salutary effect. The day after it appeared, 20 Negroes led by Charles Evers, brother of murdered Civil Rights Leader Medgar Evers, turned up at a segregated theater and several restaurants and motels. With 60 state highway patrolmen and FBI agents standing by, they ran into nothing more serious than cold stares. At the formerly all-white Continental Restaurant, two white patrons ostentatiously walked out, but the Negro group was served.

# THE WORLD

# THE CONGO

# The Hostages

Spurred on by white mercenaries, Moise Tshombe's reinvigorated army drove hard against the Congolese reb-s. Loading their equipment aboard an ancient river steamboat, two commando units pulled out of their staging area at Kindu, crossed the Lualaba River, and, in 35 U.S. Army trucks, five Swedish troop carriers and four British armored cars. Degan the 250 cmile more control of the control of t

But victory might come high. As the week wore on, desperate rebel "President" Christophe Gbenye made the price look stiffer and stiffer.

All-Fronts Alarm. Since September, after the war began to turn against them, the rebels had been holding a U.S. medical missionary, Dr. Paul Carlson, 36, on absurd charges that he was "an American spy and an American major." Carlson, member of the Evangelical Covenant Church of America. had seen military service only as a seaman, for 22 months in the 1940s. He voluntarily staved behind rebel lines to minister to their wounded, living in a village of 50 inhabitants called, in the native dialect, "The End of the World." But Gbenye announced that Carlson had been "tried" as a spy and sentenced to death. The missionary and the rebels' other white prisoners-60 Americans and 800 Belgians-would be released only after the U.S. and Belgium withdrew all aid to Tshombe's army. Last week Radio Stanleyville reported that Carlson's execution had been delayed in

order to negotiate his release and the fate of the other prisoners directly with Washington. The rebels obviously wanted to gain time to get more outside help, presumably from their Red Chi-

nese backers.

The U.S. agreed to "discuss" the prisoners' release, at the same time warning that the rebels would be held "directly and personally responsible" for the safety of all foreigners in their area. But the U.S. could not even find anyone from the Stanleyville regime with whom to negotiate. Meantime, both Washington and Brussels had put out an all-fronts alarm. Working through Arab and African nations, they piled diplomatic pressure on the Gbenye regime to release the hostages. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant appealed in vain for a mercy mission to Stanleyville. The Belgian government got Premier Moise Tshombe to offer the rebels a halfhearted amnesty.

860 Would Die, There was always the chance that the rebels were bluffing. But a battalion of 600 crack Belgian paratroopers was loaded aboard U.S. C-130 turboprop transports at Belgian's Diest airbase, flown to a little-used U.S. military base on Ascension Island, a British outpost in the South Atlantic only six air hours from Standers of the Company of the Compan

That got Moscow back into the act, after a long Russian silence on the Congo, with a demand that "all foreign interference be ended at once." As for Gbenve, spouting fury he ordered the evacuation of all hostages from Stanleyville. Each hostage, he announced, had been turned over to three trusted



MISSIONARY CARLSON
Lost in the Promised Land.

rebels-and "at the slightest attack" on the city, all 860 would die.

Meanwhile, friends and relations were remembering some of Missionary Carlson's words about the Congo and his own country, "As God's Koson people for our generation" he had written, "we have before us the challenge of our world today. The Congo is one of the promisel and integer of the congo is one of the promisel and long or serving Him there—grateful and humble for the opportunity given us."

# LAOS

# Recon & Retaliation

As quietly as their bellowing engines will permit, U.S. Navy and Air Force jets have been flying reconnaissance missions over Laos since last May, Their purpose is twofold: to keep an eye on the Communist Pathet Lao, who have been relatively passive lately, and to see who or what is filtering down from North Viet Nam along the Ho Chi Minh Trail through Laos and into South Viet Nam. Last week, three days apart, two U.S. jets were knocked down by Communist guns near the murkily marked "panhandle" where North Viet Nam forms a narrow corridor between Laos and the sea. One pilot died, while the second was rescued by helicopter, and a typical Laotian muddle ensued.

The Red Chinese and their Hanoi allies claimed that the "American air pirates" had been violating North Viet Nam's air space. Washington officials clearly within the Laotian border, stressed the fact that escoring jets had "retailated" with guns and rockets against the Communist antiairearth batteries—probably Soviet-designed 14-5-moving armored cars.

Whether there would be stronger



CONGOLESE TROOPS WITH CAPTURED REBEL
Raising the price of victory at the End of the World.

U.S. retaliation against North Viet Nam in the manner of the Tonkin Gulf incident remained to be seen. But on no account could the U.S. afford to stop its recon flights.

# SOUTH VIET NAM

#### Operation Backfire

Into a ragged rubber plantation 30 miles northwest of Saigon swarmed 115 helicopters. The craft disgorged 1,100 taut, trigger-happy South Vietnamese troops while another 6,000 men charged in aboard armored personnel carriers to block potential escape routes. Rockets laced the 40-sq.-mi. area, smashing huts and sending greasy black smoke pluming skyward, while a 19-boat force stirred up the Saigon River in watchful patrol. This was "Operation Brushfire"-the long-awaited, widely discussed push against the Viet Cong of Binh Duong province, the men who had probably mortared pany of surprised Viet Cong, the toll was 17 Red dead, 21 captured. To the precariously balanced Saigon regime of Premier Tran Van Huong, still hanging on despite another week of student demonstrations, the lesson was painfully clear: any operation plan more than eight hours in the making is bound to be found out by the Viet Cong, Just as the French learned during her long, the Southwest of the Property of the Viet Cong, Just with the Viet Cong, Just with the Viet Cong, Just with the Viet Cong, Just and Property of the Viet Cong, Just and Property of the Viet Cong, Just the Viet Cong, Just the Viet Cong, Just with the Viet Cong, Just the

## **INDONESIA**

#### The Bamboo Bomb

In Geneva during his recent European tour, Indonesia's President Sukarno slipped into an out-of-the-way cinema for an evening's relaxation after a hard day of negotiations with pretty shopgirls and Swiss arms manufacturers. No drive on the pretext that the U.S. had sent a military-aid mission to the Malaysian capital of Kuala Lumpur.

Economically, Indonesia's course has been almost as disastrous. With the country's current eight-year plan at the halfway mark, the government announced that fully 200 of its 335 economic projects had not yet been begun. added morosely that none of the programs aimed at earning foreign exchange had worked. Indonesia's flashily colored currency, the rupiah, last week skidded to a hundredth of its official value: 4,500 to the U.S. dollar on the free market v. a government-controlled rate of 45. At the annual congress of the Civil Servants Union, government clerks demanded a raise. They had cause: a bachelor clerk today earns only 450 rupiah, or one thin dime, a month,

Even with more money, there would be little to buy. With rice in short supply, Sukarno urged his people to cultivate a taste for corn and sweet pota-



U.S. HELICOPTERS SWARM ALOFT IN VIET NAM Fly swatting with a sledgehammer.

Bienhoa airbase and destroyed 13 U.S. bombers (TIME, Nov. 13).

It should have been called "Backfire." By the time the troops arrived, the main Viet Cong force had long since departed. Villagers who survived the harsh pre-assault bombardment by gov-ernment forces shakily reported that the Communists had pulled out three days earlier. A few, at least, stuck around, as the South Vietnamese learned to their dismay later in the week. Recombing a maze of tunnels in Boi Loi forest, army patrols suddenly found themselves under accurate but sporadic machine-gun fire. Ten Vietnamese soldiers died, and a helicopter carrying wounded away was knocked down, killing eleven more. History's hugest helicopter operation netted only two confirmed Communist guerrillas, three rifles, 15 grenades and a battered motor bike.

By contrast, a spur-of-the-moment raid in Quang Nam province caught the Communists with their black pajamas down. The 17-chopper "Eagle" force dropped 54 Rangers on a comdoubt the "Bung" (Brother), an old movie buff, needed a bit of tranquiliing, but the feature film proved to be The Fall of the Roman Empire. In light of what has been happening in Indonesia of late, it must have scanned like a sneak preview.

Rats & Sweet Potatoes, Most disastrous of Sukarno's programs has been his attempt to "crush Malaysia." The neighboring nation has proved as undentable as armor plate: of 256 Indonesian-trained saboteurs, terrorists and guerrillas landed over the past three months, 47 were killed and 187 captured, Last week, when Sukarno issued his customary order to "intensify" the campaign, 20 more guerrillas sailed off by sampan to Malaya and Singapore -and were soon being hotly pursued by alert British-led troops and citizens. who can collect \$300 for every interloper captured. Still, Indonesia's flourishing Communist Party (3,000,000 members) insists that Malaysia must be crushed and last week added to Sukarno's troubles by inaugurating an equally absurd "crush American imperialism" toes. That could help to balance the diet of rat meat recommended by Communist Party Chairman D. N. Aidit, executive chairman of Indonesia's antirodent drive. "If the peasants start eating rats eagerly," said Aidit, "the rats will be wiped out, and there will even be a shortage of rats."

Rockets & Euphoria, None of this hardship semel to affect the leaders of Sukarno's swollen (412,000-man) armed forces, which this year will receive half of Indonesia's \$2 billion budget, Gid-Harided and grinning, the army chief of staff recently pressed a button on a Djakarta beach to lob an Indonesia-built rocket a full 21 miles army, began boasting that if would have intercontinental ballistic missiles in no time at all.

What's more, exclaimed one euphoric brigadier, "we plan to explode an atom bomb next year." Though Indonesia does have a functioning nuclear reactor (supplied by the U.S. Atoms for Peace program), it cannot produce materials for weapons. Even the foreign

ministry shamefacedly admitted as much. The brigadier's boast was so patently hollow that the Malaysians-who obviously were the target of its propaganda potential-scornfully talked of Sukarno's "bamboo bomb.

And even if the Bung's wobbly country could support the debilitating cost of developing a bomb, Sukarno could not count on being around to profit from it. He has aged visibly since his treatment for a kidney ailment last month, and his hands are as paper-thin and shaky as his economy. Sukarno, 63, has lately begun suffering from intimations of mortality, told a confident that he would like to be buried on Bali, the Indonesian island of lovely women where his mother was born.

## RUSSIA A Treatment for Tularemia & A Promotion for the Cops

According to the men who ousted him. Nikita Khrushchev was feverishly prone to "harebrained scheming." Last week the 330-man Soviet Central Committee offered what it hoped would be a cure for that particular strain of political tularemia. Meeting for the first time since it gave Khrushchev the boot, it ordered a top-to-bottom renovation of the Russian Communist Party structure -and in the process assured itself of more internal chaos, discontent and power struggles.

Fix Needed. What the new Russian leaders are trying to correct is a system started two years ago when Khrushchev split the party bureaucracy into a brace of inevitably competitive economic units: agricultural and industrial. K. hoped that a bifurcated bureaucracy would give his underlings more chance leadership at local and regional levels. The proposal was passed unanimously, and Podgorny was charged with administering the shakeup-or shakebackwhich probably will begin after the Supreme Soviet, Russia's rubber-stamp Parliament, meets Dec. 9.

With the start of de-Khrushchevization, first things came first: Nikita's son-in-law Aleksei Adzhubei was fired from the Central Committee for "mistakes in his work." Next, the top of the Soviet hierarchy was reshuffled.

Rising Stars. What with his powerful new assignment. Podgorny now appears solidly ensconced behind Brezhnev as party Second Secretary. Once Nikita's favorite whipping boy-he was publicly tongue-lashed by K. for failing to grow enough corn in the Ukraine, regained favor by doubling Ukrainian grain sales the next year-Podgorny resembles his former patron physically, including moon face and broad peasant shoulders. But he is more controlled and aloof.

His major competitor in the party Presidium, Dmitry Stepanovich Polyansky, 47, is just as cool but not quite as stiff. A bright, backslapping opportunist, Polyansky shares his birthday with the Bolshevik Revolution, has been working quietly behind the scenes since Khrushchev's ouster (during which he delivered the recitation of Nikita's agricultural sins).

Either man could move to the top in the months ahead, but both will have to keep an eye on a handful of ambitious apparatchiki who were elevated to positions of new authority. Among them:

. ALEKSANDR NIKOLAEVICH SHELEPIN, 46. hard-eved ex-boss of the secret police, somewhat "sanitized" since Stalin's days. who remains in many ways Russia's top cop. His was the most remarkable of base that Khrushchev alone previously enjoyed. As chairman of the Party and State Control Committee, Shelepin is also the watchdog of Russia's entire economic and administrative life, and his chairmanship of the State Control Committee gives him handcuff control over party apparatus.

. PETR EFIMOVICH SHELEST, 56, bald and beaming protégé of fellow Ukrainian Podgorny (whom he succeeded as First Secretary of the Ukraine), won delicious revenge with his appointment to the Presidium. In Budapest last April, Shelest was singled out publicly by Khrushchev as the "culprit" who had failed to deliver electric motors to Hungary on schedule. Additionally, he has been outspokenly critical of Nikita's agricultural reforms, objected vociferously to the agricultural-industrial split in party administration, which Podgorny is now charged with mending. If Podgorny moves ahead in power and authority. Shelest will be right behind him, . PETR NIKOLAEVICH DEMICHEV. 46. Secretariat member and chief overseer of Russia's chemical and light industries, was elevated to alternate Presidium membership. A dandy with high-piled hair and a low-keved manner, Demichev is a chemical engineer by training, shared with Kosvgin the responsibility for developing the consumer-goods industry, which Khrushchev chose to emphasize late in his career. Demichev's promotion is an indication of the continued importance Moscow's new regime attaches to chemicals and consumer goods, no heavy-industry "metal eater" was promoted.

Falling Ax. Apart from this emerging constellation, the appointments held some other clues. No professional military men were elevated to full member-







The apparatchiks were off on a shakeback.



the new promotions, since he leapfrogged over the heads of oldtimers

to specialize and thereby help production. But he was only falling victim to a political extension of Parkinson's Law: though the number of bureaucrats was doubled, each man felt bound to covet his opposite number's authority and neglect his own job. To fix all this, the Central Committee

picked Nikolai Viktorovich Podgorny, 61, onetime protégé of Nikita and a specialist in party organization. During last week's meeting, Podgorny formally proposed a re-merger of the agricultural and industrial segments of the party, a return to the "territorial principle"

waiting around for membership to become the youngest member of the party Presidium. A persuasive pragmatist, Shelepin talked 350,000 Russian youths into volunteering for work in the virgin lands, served as Nikita's iceman when Khrushchev decided to re-refrigerate the thaw in Soviet art and literature two years ago. Significantly, Shelepin is now the only man in the leadership who simultaneously holds top rank in the Presidium, the Secretariat and the Council of Ministers-a tripod power

ship on the Central Committee, thus indicating that the army has only limited pull with the new leadership. By contrast, one of eight new men elected to full Central Committee membership was Vladimir Semichastny, who is Shelepin's successor as head of the secret police. This promotion, coming on top of Shelepin's own, suggested to some Kremlinologists that a new era of the cop may be starting in Russia. The new rulers, though in favor of Khrushchevian peaceful coexistence" and economic liberalism, are evidently prepared to reinstate stricter police control if need be.

And the need might be there—particularly after Podgorny's ax begins falling in the provinces.

In the communiqué announcing the changes, no mention was made of Leonid Brezhnev. Khrushchev's successor as party boss, in the precise symbolism of Soviet affairs, this seemed to indicate that Brezhnev had not yet really consolidated his position within the new, precariously balanced "collective leadership."

# **ESPIONAGE**

# The Spy Who Came In

The yellowish, brassbound trunk not not moved—it talked. From its depths came kicks, wriggles, and a sepulchral voice pleading "Autation!" Sadvateon!" "Autation!" Sadvateon!" The properties of the properties of

With the porter's alarm at Rome's Leonardo Da Vinci airport last week began an espionage yarn that grew steadily more hilarious to onlookers and more embarrassing to Egypt.

Well Packed. The trunk was addressed to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Cairo, and had passed safely through customs because it was tagged "Diplomatic Mail." When it began shouting for help, two Egyptian diplomats grabbed it and pushed it into the Volkswagen truck that had brought it to the field. As police and customs officers tried to stop them, another Egyptian kept babbling that the trunk contained musical instruments and that the sounds probably were caused by accordions still filled with air. The truck raced away from the loading area, but it was soon caught by pursuing motorcycle police, who took the two nearly hysterical Egyptians and their baggage to a police station. When the cops opened the trunk they goggled at the strapped into an adjustable chair, with his head encased in a sort of crash helmet and his feet thrust into shoes nailed to the floor of the trunk. Small ventilating holes had been drilled into the sides to let him breathe. His story was that he was a Moroc-

can named Josef Dahan who had come to Rome from Naples to meet the two Egyptians at the Café de Paris on the opulent Via Veneto. He had apparently been slipped a doped drink and then hustled by car to the Egyptian Embassy, where he was kept under heavy sedding and finally packed. He had been supported to the way to the sed of the way well on the way to Cairo, but the plane was late.



THE KIDNAPED AGENT



ORS THE TRUNK
The Egyptians were out of Luk.

Double Career. The two diplomatabductors were identified as Abdel Moneim el Neklawy and Selim el Sayed. both first secretaries at Rome's Egyptian embassy. Claiming diplomatic immunity, they were released by the police later that night, and, next day, the Italian government ordered them from the country as persona non grata.

Meanwhile, onionskins of identity were being peeled from the captive. He proved to be Mordecal Luk, 31, a Moroccan-born Jew who had immigrated to Israel in 1949, did his army service, took up two professions: carpentry and crime. He has a record of five convictions, on charges ranging from forgery to criminal trespass. In 1961 he shipped out of Israel to Egypt and began an equally turnsvoy new existence.

Luk now told police he had been working for Egyptian intelligence for a monthly salary of \$100 to \$160. During the past ten months, he had been based in Naples, presumably spying on NATO installations. He had come to Rome, he said, to beg a raise in salary. This story convinced nobody, for if Luk were merely a disgruntled small fish, it would hardly have been worth the trouble to kidnap him. The suspicion grew that Luk was either a double agent, also working for Israel, or that the Egyptians thought he was. Later reports linked Luk to a Western European power. Most likely, the Egyptians were shipping him alive to Cairo so they could take their time and carefully choose their persuaders in interrogating him.

Just Another Trip. Luk was as untrustworthy in love as in espionage. Two girls in Naples, a college student and a secretary, tearfully said he had promised to marry them. His wife in Israel has been trying for years to divorce Luk, and she said hitterly last

week, "I never spent a single happy day with him."

As for Egyptian intelligence, it still has egg on its face. The best story the embassy could come up with was that some fiend had switched trunks on them. The trunk itself had been made in Italy and was one of an ordinary commercial line that was discontinued several years ago. This strengthened the belief that the trunk, and its special Egyptian fittings, had very likely been used before and for the same purpose -most probably in the case of Lieut. Colonel Zaghloul Abdel Rahman, who had defected from the Egyptian army and vanished from Rome in 1962. Roman wags amused themselves by phoning the Egyptian embassy and asking what time the next trunk to Cairo was leaving.

# GREAT BRITAIN

Underprivileged M.P.s Britain's House of Con

Britain's House of Commons may be the "best club in Europe," but many a member can hardly afford the honor of belonging. At the current M.P.'s pay of \$4,900 a year, both Laborites and Tories can agree that it is a constant struggle just to keep looking neat, let alone statesmanlike. After a year's study of the problem, a special independent committee last week recommended salary increases of about 80%. It sounded like a staggering raise, but even the new salary of \$9,100 a year (v. \$30,000 for U.S. Congressmen) is far from lavish. considering that all official expenses, except for local telephone calls, trips to constituencies, and \$50 worth of stationery a year, must come out of the members' own pockets.

Endorsing the recommendation, Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson remarked that M.P.s without independent incomes are forced to exist in "intolerable conditions." True enough, Many live in dreary bed-and-breakfast hotels in Bloomsbury. One Laborite M.P. reports that he cannot afford to telephone his wife in Scotland. Though the House of Commons dining room serves excellent food and wine—the roast pheasant and Chaleut Cheval Blanc 1949 are particled that the control of the serves of the control o

longhand. Businessmen-politicians, of course, can attend board meetings, lawvers can go to court, and journalists can polish off their stories in the mornings, devoting afternoons and evenings to Parliament. One of the busiest M.P.s is Tory Backbencher Sir Cyril Black, who at last count was chairman of some 40 companies and director of a dozen more. But the increasing number of teachers, white-collar employees and workers among M.P.s have a much harder time dividing their careers this way. Besides, with the growing amount of complex homework to be done. Parliament is becoming more and more of a round-the-clock job.

a follula-intercises, posbinet members (whose salaries in many cases have been frozen since 1830) will access have been frozen since 1830 will get pay boosts too. But because Wilson virtuously laded the committee's proposed raise for ministers, who now would go from \$14,000 to \$23,2800. The Prime Minister, whose thrifty wife has fred the cook and does much of the housework herself, would go from \$28,-000 to \$39,200 to \$39,200 to \$39,000 to \$30,000 to \$3

#### The Princely Pauper

The student is in his third year at Gordonstoun School in northern Scotland, and he seems to be standing up well enough to the Spartan regime that begins at 6:45 a.m. with a brisk run on a gravel road followed by his and cold showers. Though neither an outset of a house of the standing that he has a begin standing the standing that he has a Beatle's haircut. His Royal Highness Charles Philip Arthur George, heir apparent to the British throne. Beatles have a Prince Charles cut."

One thing Charles consistently shares with his classmates is an inability to make do on his allowance, which runs to about \$8.50 per term (twelve weeks), and last week the prince's pauperized condition brought him considerable notoriety.

Broken English. At an earlier school, be had made rather a good thing of selling his autograph to all comers at 55¢, until officials put a stop to it and returned the money. According to mewspaper reports, when Prince Charles ran short last December, he sold his composition book containing four school-assigned essays to a classmare for \$4\$. Gordonstouris Headmassmare for \$4\$.

ter Robert Chew says there is "absolutely no truth" to the report. But the classmate did get the copybook and sold it for \$20 to a Gordonstoun alumnus who did even better by selling it to an Aberdeen journalist for \$280, who then joined forces with a pressagent named Terence Smith.

Among others. Smith conferred with a photographer friend as to the best means of making hig money from the princely essays. British publications were out because of an unwritten agreement with the crown to ignore the private lives of the royal children. Smith sent cables to U.S. and European publications. He got a quick telephone to the proper contains the property of the proper contains the property of the pro



PRINCE CHARLES
No royalties.

outside London, and when he showed them the royal jottings, the two identified themselves as Scotland Yard detectives and confiscated the book. They did not know that Smith's photographer friend had made a photocopy just

Deplored Habit, Ultimately the Smith syndicate made a deal with the German magazine Der Stern, which obtained first publication rights for some \$3,500, and other sales abroad brought the total above \$12,000. Der Stern last week published excerpts from the essays, which sounded pretty much like the sort of thing most fond parents of teen-agers are familiar with. But there was a special approach to some subject matter. Writing on democracy, the prince noted a little uneasily that it means giving "equal voting power to people having unequal ability to think." He also deplored the habit of voting for a particular party and not for the individual." Mere opposition to abolishing private schools or nationalizing industry might induce people to vote for a Conservative candidate, though personally he might be "one of the naughtiest people you know."

In a summary of class consciousness. voung Charles got into some deep wa-"By entrusting the management of affairs chiefly to the upper classes, the country is at least saved from some of the evils that may be produced in the lower classes by corruption, although the upper classes may be lacking in intelligence, biased by class interest, and guilty of great corruption in political appointments. The honor of the class at least secures it from the great corruptions, and its members are permanently connected with the well-being of the country." In the margin, his teacher had noted succinctly: This makes no sense."

Oh, well. The boy may be no great shakes as a writer, and it seems clear he was not much of a businessman, but he is a prince.

## MIDDLE EAST

#### The Water War

Cautiously an Israeli patrol advanced along the narrow gravel road, sweeping for mines. Immediately to its left were the bubbling springs that form the headwaters of the River Dan. A few feet to its right, a white plastic ribbon marked the Syrian border. From the grey stone hills beyond, two shots rang out, and suddenly the whole area crupted in Israeli villages; Israeli jets bombed two Syrian settlements. Altogether, 10 people were killed and 37 wounded and 37 wounded by the state of the state

It was one of the worst outbreaks of Israeli-Ara Violence since the 1956 Sinal-Suez crisis, and it brought the U.N. Security Council into emergency session. What the council heard about seemed to be a battle of inches. Accusing Israel of "wanton aggression," Syria's U.N. Ambassador Rafik Asha charged that the gravel road on which the Israeli patrol had been traveling was 50 yards sindle the Syrian border. Sort of the Consty angrify: according to a 1962 U.N. survey, the road is seven yards from the border, and on the Israeli side.

The real issue was not the road a real, but water. Israel and the Arab states are contending for the Jordan River was the real and the Arab states are contending for the Jordan River was the part of the Tordan Bibliotally, the headwaters were granted to Israel by a divine deed registered in the Book of Judges. Historically, Israel's claims go back to a 1923 agreement when the headwaters were placed inside when the headwaters were placed inside Israel border was vaguely drawn and has been disputed ever since.

Syrian President Amin Hafez recently has been calling for war against Israel "at the earliest date." Such Arab threats—and Israeli counterthreats have been heard before. Nevertheless, the water war seems to be heading for a showdown.



Certainly, increased sales are a positive indication of Imperial's growing popularity. Its contemporary styling is very likely the most important reason for this sales success. But what is equally significant is that Imperial has

significant is that Imperial has gained favor with many who previously chose luxury cars purely on the basis of habit.

Pictured below is the Imperial Crown Coupe, a wise and lasting investment.



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# FOREIGN AID

## Peace Corps Everywhere

The young, sweat-soaked U.S. Peace Corpsmen emerged from the African rain forest to find a neat, white clinic in a straw-hut village-and a warm Willkommen from a couple of young German doctors, themselves members of a peace corps. If it has not happened already, such an encounter is bound to occur sooner or later. Struck by the success of the U.S. program, no fewer than 22 nations are beginning to field Peace Corps of their own

Sharing the Miracle, One of the most ambitious imitators is West Germany. Prodded by their allies, who wanted them to share some of the fruits of the vaunted economic miracle with underdeveloped lands, the Germans last year launched what they called, with a typical talent for uninspiring nomenclature, Deutscher Entwicklungsdienst (German Development Service). Applications poured in by the thousands. and 78 volunteers have already completed the intensive twelve-week training course. They are now training workers at an auto plant in Libya, teaching at trade schools in Afghanistan and working with farmers in India. Last week 23 German volunteers flew into Dar es Salaam, capital of Tanzania, to begin building 5,000 new apartments in a slum-clearance project.

Like U.S. Peace Corpsmen, the Germans work hard for little pay. They sign up for their two-year hitches out of idealism and an itch for adventure. adopting the motto "To learn and to help." While young teachers and recent college graduates dominate the U.S. program, the Germans are primarily recruiting farmers, construction workers, mechanics, nurses and social workers, especially those who have already had job experience. The German goal: to send out 1,000 volunteers a year.

Volunteering for Progress. They will find many kindred spirits already at work. Norway, which claims that it was the first to copy President Kennedy's Peace Corps idea, has teams in Uganda. Similar programs have been initiated by Canada, Australia, Denmark, The Netherlands, New Zealand and Switzerland. The French Volontaires du Progrès has dispatched 95 farmers, carpenters, masons and doctors to France's former African colonies, and within a year expects to have 400 in action.

Though started in 1958 as a small private organization, Britain's Voluntary Service Overseas went into high gear after the Peace Corps came along, now gets matching funds from the government and counts 700 workers in the field, mostly in Commonwealth countries and European refugee camps. Three developing countries—El Salva-dor, Kenya and Zambia—have started domestic Peace Corps to work within their own borders. Nine other countries are planning overseas or domestic Peace Corps-style organizations: Argentina, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Japan. the Philippines, Sweden, Thailand, and even tiny Liechtenstein.

All told, the foreign groups, with an estimated 1.000 volunteers in service, are still far behind the U.S.'s 7,700. The U.S. Peace Corps is delighted, has set up the International Secretariat for Voluntary Service in Washington to encourage even more imitation.



# Return & Fall of the Native

Though born a Greek, Andreas Papandreou grew up to become as American as Harvard Yard and the U.S. Navy. He served time in both before and during World War II, staved on to marry an Illinois girl and become chairman of the economics department at the University of California at Berke-



GEORGE & ANDREAS PAPANDREOU A lesson for my son, the eagle.

ley. But once a Greek, always a Greek. Drawn by nostalgia and political ambition, he went home three years ago and gave up his U.S. citizenship. Last February, he got himself elected to Parliament and promptly became the top aide to Greece's Premier-who happens to be his father, George Papandreou. Last week the prodigal son had reason to wonder just how Greek the Greeks would allow him to be.

On his return, Andreas ("my eagle," the Premier calls him) soon emerged as a real comer in Greek politics, able, ambitious and his father's son. Too much so, the opposition decided, and even his friends had occasion to agree. Like George, a savvy politician given to silvery doubletalk, Andreas played all sides of a question when it suited him. He accepted an invitation to attend a conference of nonaligned nations, then did not go. As the "Minister to the Premier"-his father's righthand man-he moved in on other Cabinet members, virtually running the Greek economy. To prove his Greekness, he abruptly canceled Voice of America rebroadcasts, was quoted as making anti-NATO statements (which he later denied), and forced the transfer of the U.S. Information Agency chief from Athens.

At 44. Andreas was even talked about as a successor to his father, 76. Opposition conservatives and his father's own center supporters finally de--and, indirectly, take a poke at the planted stories alleging that Andreas had a "Trotskyite" past and at the same time accused him of being more American than Greek. Then they made the relatively minor but damaging charge that Andreas had let a \$60,000 townplanning contract without competitive bids to a friend. While stoutly denying

cided to give Andreas his comeuppance Premier too. George, wrote one news-paper, "must sacrifice his son." They the accusation, Andreas Papandreou last week resigned "for the sake of the Government"-and much the wiser in ways of Greek politics.



Sooner or later, a warm Willkommen in the jungle.

# THE HEMISPHERE

# BRITISH GUIANA

#### Cheddi Against the Field

The East Indian speakers at the rally could barely be heard above the din. Tough-looking Portuguese and Negro youths swaggered about the parade grounds in the Georgetown capitalheckling, booing and shouting obscenities. When the last East Indian speaker stepped up, the mob advanced to the platform, disconnecting the public address system and defying the outnumbered East Indians to do anything. Then the hecklers swarmed toward a car, nearly lynching an East Indian driver because someone shouted: "He's got a gun." The gun was a toy pistol.

Reason behind this and similar riots is that on Dec. 7. Britain's tiny selfgoverning colony on South America's

people were killed, thousands more injured. Sporadic fighting went on for six months until British Governor Sir Richard Luyt assumed emergency power and called in 5,000 tommies. Only then did Jagan call off the strike and order his supporters to register.

His campaign has done little to calm the racial passions. His party circulated thousands of copies of a preliminary police report on the activities of Negro counterterrorist groups during strike. When Luyt banned the report on the grounds that it was secret and full of unverified accusations, a so-called Jagan "government commission" put out its own juicy report on Negro violence. Then there is the question of Jagan's Marxism: Cheddi has long railed at the "imperialist" U.S., while lauding Fidel Castro, trading with

BURNHAM



northeast hump will elect a new government. The campaign pits Marxist Premier Cheddi Jagan and his 295,000 East Indian followers, who live mostly in the countryside, against an informal alliance of 330,000 violently anti-Jagan whites and Negroes, who control the towns and are led mainly by Georgetown Attorney Forbes Burnham, 41. Jagan has a real fight on his hands. In 1961 he got 42.6% of the vote. But under simple majority rule, he picked up enough districts to win 20 of Parliament's 35 seats. This time, however, the British have decreed countrywide proportional representation-strongly hinting that London wants an opposition coalition in Parliament that will mix the races and bring Jagan down.

Campaign of "Ifs." Cheddi's first re-

action to the new ground rules last fall was to threaten a boycott. When that failed to daunt the British, he sent his East Indian sugar workers out on a strike that swiftly degenerated into an ugly race war. Hundreds of Negro and East Indian homes were bombed, 173

Cuba, and calling for Cuban-style "socialism" in British Guiana. Yet he insists that "my party is not a Communist party." Is Cheddi himself a Communist? 'If you mean to each his own," he says, "then I am a Communist. But if you mean denial of freedom, then I am not."

Chance for a Coalition. Cheddi's chief opponent, Negro Leader Forbes Burnham, considers this pure doubletalk. A graduate of London University, Burnham is an able, experienced politician who would strengthen the colony's ties with the U.S. Chances are that Jagan will win the most votes, but not the 51% majority he needs to form a government. In second place will come Burnham, and third, the United Force Party, led by Portuguese Businessman Peter d'Aguiar, Anti-Jaganites then hope that these two will stitch together a ruling coalition, allowing British Guiana to recover, with Western help. "Jagan," says Burnham, "has antagonized the West as far as assistance is concerned, and failed to get assistance from the East.

#### BRA7II

#### Where the Crooks Can't Go

There is a certain element of U.S. society that has always had a tender spot in its heart for Brazil-the crooks who go flying down to Rio to escape the law. Alone among hemisphere nations, Brazil has long refused to sign an extradition treaty with Washington, preferring to let bygones be gone. No one knows how many U.S. criminals have fled over the years, but they numbered in the hundreds.

Among the big-leaguers, Lowell Birrell (who embezzled \$14 million), Edward Gilbert (about \$2,000,000) and Earl Belle (\$800,000) have all voluntarily returned to the U.S. to face the music, although they had done well enough in Brazil as entrepreneurs or "consultants," Only major operator who remains is Ben-Jack Cage, wanted for embezzling \$100,000 from his Texas insurance company. In Brazil he made his mark trying to detonate a land boom in the remote Mato Grosso, unloading 35¢-per-acre land for \$2 to \$10 an acre.

Now it appears that he and anyone else the U.S. wants may be coming home. Last week, after 17 years of formal negotiation, the U.S. and Brazil exchanged extradition agreements, effective Dec. 17. Says a U.S. embassy official in Rio: "Any criminal who flees to Brazil would be plain stupid."

# HAITI

#### A Warning to Renegades

The government pamphlets circulating in Port-au-Prince last week left little to the imagination. "Dr. François Duvalier will fulfill his sacrosanct mission. He has crushed and will always crush the attempts of the opposition. Think well, renegades. Here is the fate awaiting you and your kind." Below was a photograph of three severed heads torn from the bodies of captured anti-Duvalier guerrillas and displayed at Haiti's National Palace. Just in case anyone missed the message, "Papa Doc" administered yet another object lesson to his opposition. In a chilling ceremony at Port-au-Prince's "Extérieur" cemetery, he staged Haiti's firstpublic execution in 30 years.

The victims were Louis Drouin, 28, a short, stocky mulatto, and Marcel Numa, 21, a tall handsome Negro, both members of a 13-man guerrilla force that landed on Haiti's southern coast four months ago. Operating independently of other scattered bands in Haiti. they ambushed troop columns, encouraged peasants to defy their Duvalier overseers. Papa Doc had no trouble finding out who they were; in tiny Negro Haiti, the word gets around fast by télédiol grapevine.

In retaliation, Duvalier's secret police slaughtered whole families and even dis-



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Address	

# NO Sniffling

8<sub>AM</sub>-8<sub>PM</sub> 8<sub>PM</sub>-8<sub>AM</sub>

Over 600 tiny "time pills" in a Contac® capsule work up to 12 hours to relieve sniffles, sneezes, stopped-up nose. Contac is today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy





URUGUAY'S CAPITAL, MONTEVIDEO
All those benefits—but . . .

tant relatives of the rebels. Drouin's family was marched naked through the streets of their home town and "re-moved" at a nearby army barracks. Meantime, Duvalier's rag-tag army was killing off the miniature force one by one. The government bragged that only Drouin and Numa remained.

To guarantee an S.R.O. crowd for their execution, Duvalier ordered all businesses closed and schools let out; backlands peasants were trucked into Port-au-Prince. As TV cameras recorded the scene, a black and white Jeep pulled up to the cemetery, and out stepped the two victims. They were tied tightly to two pine stakes. "Traditional proceedings were scrupulously respected," announced Le Matin, a governleys of Springfields, and submachine guns, and three coups de grâce." After which, the crowd was marched to the National Palace, where Duvalier, acceding to its "solicitations," appeared on the

Still at large in Haiti's hills is another band of guerrillas, which landed last June and linked up with other fighters already there. Papa Doe had won a battle, but the war went on.

# URUGUAY

A Wel-Fairy Tale Once upon a time in 1952 the 3,000,-000 people of Uruguay voted to have a nine-man council instead of a President, and everyone cried hooray. Even though they didn't always agree, the council members tried hard to get along, and the land, which was already more so. One-fourth of all the workers got jobs with the government at which they worked only half a day; and for every 2½ people working, there was one who had retired at 45, sometimes with full pay. It was wonderful, The people didn't worry because they had all those benefits. The government didn't worry about how much it was all costing because the people were not worrying, And statesmen in other lands didn't worry much about that nice, prosperous, Swiss-style country because there were other things to worry about.

Last week in Uruguay:

The stock market was reeling from the effect of an unprecedented three-week strike by brokers. They went out when the government announced plans for imposing impossibly stiff regulations on market trade and landholding companies, who must sell off all their prop-

erty within a year as part of the landreform program.

The huge government work force was threatening to strike unless salaries were increased 35%, and the government was expected to bow to the demands, grant its employees their fourth

substantial raise in five years.

▶ Disheartened economists were said, you contemplating a batch of disastrous financial figures. The value of the peason months. The cost of living went up 45% last year, has climbed 30% more 15258 million budget for 1905 includes \$2528 million budget for 1905 includes \$2528 million budget for 1905 includes say it will be more like \$38 million. The gross national product over the last six say it will be more like \$38 million, the gross national product over the last six measured years (1955-61) expanded only a pairty \$8 million, though pro-susumed a \$370 million gain.

Most people in Uruguay really could not accept that they had had too much of a good thing, and were faced with hantering economic collapse. They reexport is up, chose to forget that wool export, the country's other major product, is generally down. Despite the fact that as much as 50% of a man's salary may be withheld against social benefits, it iligally used by capital-staryed companies, politicians anxious to please the people called for more benefit of the more benefit o



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KENT SATISFIES BEST

# PEOPLE

At a dinner in Manhattan, the National Institute of Social Sciences honored Secretary of State Dean Rusk, 55, Senator Margaret Chase Smith, 66, A. T. & T. Chairman Frederick Kappel, 62, and that noted social scientist, Bob Hope, 61. Cracked Hope, as he accepted his award (for his "contribution to the nation's values"), "I thought this should go to Cassius Clay-for his great medical discovery, the first man to get a hernia through talking." Hope had his doubts about Kappel: "I don't see how you can give a humanitarian award to a man who had anything to do with digit dialing," But he felt Senator Smith had made a wonderful try for the presidency: "She didn't know Johnson was going to be the nominee for both par-Bob also swore that "Rusk said to me, 'You might as well go to Viet Nam -we've tried everything else.'

He set a new style in Government investigating techniques as the late Senator Joe McCarthy's boy. He set a new high in settlements this summer, windered to the set of the set o

So completely has she dropped out of the spotlight that even the New York Daily News photographer didn't put name and face together. "Are you any relation to the Governor?" he asked.



ALPHAND & ROCKEFELLER Class before Nelson.

and was somewhat shaken when she replied, "Tm his former wife." But Philadelphia's Mory Todhunter Clark Rockfeller, 57, was class long before she married Nelson (indeed, as one Main Line matron put it at the time: "A young New York man is marrying into the Clark family"). And so it was only natural that she should attend a receptraitist Jean Denis Maillart and chat with the guest of honor Nicole Alphond, 37, wife of the French ambassador.

Breezing through India, carrottopped West Wind Shirley MocLaine, 30, instantly charmed Lhendup Dorij, Premier of Bhutan, into letting her become the 14th American permitted to visit his remote Himalayan kingdom. But before taking off, she spent an evening in Bombay discussing Gandhian philosophy with Indian Actor Dev



SHIRLEY MocLAINE
Caste before Hollywood.

Anand, and began spouting a little Hindu philosophy on her own, "It think I must have been an Indian once," she mused, "perhaps in another life," and turned up at Bombay's Jhaveri Bazaar, with jasmine blossom in her hair, caste mark on forehead, and a blue-and-gold silk sair. "I'm convinced the sari is mark on forehead, and a blue-and-gold silk sair." I'm convinced the sari is mark on a woman, "said Shirley, and how right alse was.

When Ben Franklin in Paris opened at the Lunt-Fortname, Music Man Robert Preston, 46, moved into the dressing room used last summer by Richard Burton. That seemed to set the tone of things. Three weeks later, Preston of this part of things and began to consentrate on after-theater sorties with his leading lady, Swedish Singer Ullo Sollert, 41, Ulla says it is 'jiast a coincidence' that she is divorcing her husbander. John Baron Later Charles of the Sollert of the S



SALLERT & PRESTON

Cast after Burton.

she coos, "but if I'm invited by my leading partner to dinner, I don't see why I shouldn't accept."

Cancer, said the doctors in 1821. But Frenchmen have always suspected that it was his British captors on St. Helena who slew Napoleon Bonaparte at the age of 51. Now a British scientist, Hamilton Smith, thinks he has proved it: he subjected samples of Napoleon's hair to nuclear bombardment in Britain's Harwell reactors and found arsenic! Only, being an Englishman, he says that his associates believe it was Napoleon's French chamberlain, General Charles-Tristan de Montholon, who poisoned the Emperor. French historians hooted down the theory as so much old lace. The hairs were fakes. And anyway, sneered a scholar in Napoleon's native Corsica: "It would be unthinkable to trouble the remains of the Emperor, even to clear the English of the blame.

Be it ever so decked out in satinstriped wallpaper, No. 10 Downing Street is still home to Gladys Mary Wilson, 48. The new P.M.'s wife has moved in her washing machine and drying rack ("I couldn't quite see myself hanging out the washing") and dismissed the cook, being a whiz herself at smoked haddock, custard, and those parched tea dainties known hopefully by the British as "little fairy cakes. Harold smothers everything else in steak sauce, and the Government Hospitality Service takes care of banquets. It was frightfully pleb to the ex-cook, Alice Green. "I would have made the best of it," she sniffed, "but Mrs, Wilson wanted to be a housewife."

# SPORT

# COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Where the Money Will Go

The college halfback takes the handoff, slices off tackle, cuts right and scoots down the sideline 60 yds. for a touchdown. The crowd goes wild-all except a handful of tight-lipped men scattered around the stadium, jotting cryptic phrases in notebooks. They are the professional football scouts, and they know all about that particular halfback: too small, slow acceleration, can't cut left. The pros would gobble him alive. The player they watch is the 260-lb. offensive tackle who opened the hole-or maybe that 240-lb, defensive linebacker who fought off three men before he was knocked down. "There are a lot of boys playing good college football," says one chief scout, "and there are a few men-a very few.

Last week, while preparing for the Nov. 28 annual pro draft, the scouts opened their books on the men who will be getting the big money—and big it will be. With the upstart American Football League challenging the staid old N.F.L. for lalent, a promising young man can write his own ticket—bonus

of \$25,000 and up, free car, free house, \$15,000-a-season salary, twice what rookies earned a few years ago. TIME's pro-picked All-America:

OFFENSE

QUARTERBACK "DATE AND THE ALL STATES AND THE A

6 ft., 195 lbs., and Donny Anderson, 21, Texas Tech, 6 ft. 3 in., 207 lbs. Sayers has gained 2,675 yck, in his three varsity seasons, and a scout put it this way: "He's quick, man, quick, Don't blink your eyes or you'll miss him." Anderson, a draft-eligible junior, gets the same raves: "Has superspeed with the

. HALFBACKS: Gale Savers, 21, Kansas,

power of a fullback and possesses that little extra clusiveness a great back needs. Something like the Vikings' Tommy Mason, but faster."

• FULBACK: Tucter Frederickson, 21, Auburn, 6 ft. 2 in, 221 lbs. The consensus: "The best running back in college ball." The pros count on him for those short yardage situations, say he is strongest banging away "inside where the running is toughest." Better still, he can protect his quarterback on passes. "This kid is a bone-crushing blocker."

says one scout. "He'll cut you in half with his shoulder."

• MOS: Lorry Ellins, 21, Baylor, 6 ft. Ini., 187 lbs., and Jock Snow, 21, Notro Dame, 6 ft. 2 in., 215 lbs. The pass-catchingest end in the country last year when he had Don Trull to do the throwing. Elkins was less effective this season, but the prox think he will shine again. In Snow, scouts think they have another like Baltimore's Ray Berry: "He can eatch the ball, even a badly thrown ball. has good speed, great fakes and the control of the prox the speed of the control of the countrol of the control of t

• TACKLES: Rolph Neely, 21, Oklahoma, 6 ft. 5 in., 261 lbs., and Harry Schuh, 21, Memphis State, 6 ft. 3 in., 265 lbs. Neely has all the physical requirements—"a rough, tough charger with good



elbow movement, quick at the snap"but the pros brood about his motivation. "The appeal of money," muses a scout, "might make him achieve real dedication." Of Schuh: "Amazing agility and speed, could go to 290 lbs.

by didaspect, coal go to 2.1. Tennes-see, 6 ft. 3 in., 243 lbs., and Archie Sutton, 22, Illinois, 6 ft. 4 in., 262 lbs. "Usually we don't draft college guards because they're too small," explains one scout. "We take tackles and con-vert them to guards." There are exceptions this year. The nation's No. 1 col-lege lineman, DeLong has the speed ("He's as agile as a 185-pounder") to pull out and lead interference for running plays. Sutton is given top marks for pass blocking, and "he can execute downfield blocks with the best."

· CENTER: Malcolm Walker, 21, Rice, 6 ft. 4 in., 245 lbs. A product of Texas high school football. Walker is so tough and talented that the scouts reckon he could make it either as center or linebacker, but most favor him for the offensive assignment because "he blocks real well with his head up."

 ENDS: Allen Brown, 21, Mississippi, 6 ft. 4 in., 230 lbs., and Ray Rissmiller, 22, Georgia, 6 ft. 4 in., 237 lbs. The pros feel that defensive ends are made. not born. Brown, one of the Rebels most rugged two-way players, appears to have the makings. Reads one report: "Strong as a bull—he throws blockers aside like bottle caps." A tackle at Georgia, Rissmiller has such "a quick rush with good lateral pursuit" that the pros think he can easily convert to end. • TACKLES: Jim Davidson, 21, Ohio State, 6 ft. 4 in., 231 lbs., and Glenn Ressler, 21, Penn State, 6 ft. 2 in., 235 lbs. Davidson has the ability to go over, under and around enemy linemen; his only problem is size, but isometric exercises and weight lifting should get his weight up to a satisfactory 255 or so, Ressler is also relatively light, but what he lacks in meat, he makes up in meanness-"has a great desire to hit someone, anyone, so long as the guy is wearing the other color

. LINEBACKERS: Dick Butkus, 21, Illinois, 6 ft. 3 in., 243 lbs., and Ron Caveness, 21, Arkansas, 6 ft., 215 lbs., and Jim Carroll, 21, Notre Dame, 6 ft. 1 in., 225 lbs. The heart of the Illinois defense, Butkus is everyone's choice for Animal of the Year, may well be the No. 1 draft pick. "This kid is such a brute," says one scout fondly, "that he forces a lot of fumbles and mistakes simply by intimidating ball carriers." The line on Caveness: "Red-dogs ex-tremely well." The pros like Notre Dame Captain Carroll for his canniness in diagnosing plays and his Irish-style

• CORNERBACKS: Clarence Williams, 22, Washington State, 6 ft. 2 in., 196 lbs., and Roy Jefferson, 21, Utah, 6 ft., 190 lbs. The firemen of pro defense, cornerbacks must be able to barrel in and plug a hole, or wheel and chase down



SNELL WINNING Wanted: a triggerman or a rabbit.

pass receivers. Williams runs the 100 in 9.6, has "great quickness and gets the jump on the ball in pass defense." The book on Jefferson: "Real tough, fast, and loves to hit."

 SAFETYMEN: George Donnelly, 22, Il-linois, 6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs., and Gerry Bussell, 21, Georgia Tech, 6 ft., 184 lbs. Regarded by some scouts as the country's best defensive college back. Donnelly "has tremendous range when the ball is in the air. His gliding motion fools everyone." There are only a few things the pros need to know about Bussell: so far this season he has broken up some 25 pass plays, engineered three interceptions and averaged 41.3 yds, running them back.

## TRACK & FIFID All Alone & Kinda Slow

The athletes who run the dashes have

it pretty easy. All they have to do is blast out of the blocks, boom along fullbore for 100, 200, 400 meters. Once in a while, someone breaks a record. But a record mile takes a curious kind of teamwork: two or three evenly matched runners harrying and extending each other until finally, in that last agonizing sprint to the tape, one man finds some unknown reserve of energy and will power. Poor Peter Snell. At 25, the burly New Zealander is so much better than anyone else that he may never know how fast he can really run Snell holds the record for the mile,

half-mile, 800 meters and 1,000 meters. At the Tokyo Olympics he became the first man in 44 years to win gold medals for both the 800 meters and the metric mile (1,500 meters)-and then he announced that he intended to clip more than 4 sec. off his mile record by running the distance in 3 min. 50 sec. Last week, before 20,000 homefolks in Auckland, Snell gave it a gallant try. Ranged against him were Czechoslovakia's Josef Odlozil, silver-medal winner in the Olympic 1,500, and New Zealand's own John Davies, who won the bronze. With the possible exception of the U.S.'s Dyrol Burleson and Tom O'Hara, they were the class of the world.

The cheers started when Snell breezed through the first quarter in 56 sec. They became a roar when he turned the half-mile in 1 min. 54 sec., setting his own blazing pace, running easily in that long, loping stride of his. At that rate, he would have an incredible 3-min. 48-sec. mile—if Odlozil and Davies could drive him on. Then Snell started to pull away-5 yds., 10 yds., 15 yds. Odlozil and Davies struggled to keep up. but they were fighting for wind. Snell would have to do it alone. At the threequarter mark, he was 25 yds. in frontand slowly, almost imperceptibly, his pace slackened. The crowd waited anxiously for his famed kick, that last fierce dash to the finish. But there was no one near him, no one to trigger him, and he could summon only part of it. Time: 3 min. 54.1 sec.

It was a new world record all right-3 sec. faster than Snell had ever run the mile before. But he was bitterly disappointed. "It's very hard without competition," he said. "It detracts from the incentive." This week, in another meet at Wanganui, Snell will try again. There is talk of getting a mechanical rabbit.

# SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Former Yankee Manager Yogi Berra: a \$70,000, two-year contract as coach with the National League's New York Mets. Pocketing \$25,000 in severance pay from his former employers. Berra became the third big Yankee name (with ex-Manager Casey Stengel, ex-General Manager George Weiss) to join the Mets-a clear indication that the Yankees are quickly becoming the Mets' favorite farm team

▶ The Baltimore Orioles' Brooks Robinson, 27: the American League's Most Valuable Player Award for 1964, breaking a four-year Yankee monopoly. Third Baseman Robinson hit 28 home runs, led the league in RBIs (118), and produced the hits that kept Hank Bauer's Birds within reach of the

pennant until the last of the season,

Notre Dame: a crushing 28-0 victory over Iowa to remain unbeaten, untied and unchallenged as the nation's No. 1 college team. Michigan defeated Ohio State 10-0, winning its first Big Ten Championship in 14 years and a trip to the Rose Bowl. Backing into bowls, fourth-ranked Nebraska, though upset 17-7 by Oklahoma, will go to the Cotton Bowl, and ninth-ranked Syracuse. despite a 28-27 defeat by West Virginia, received a Sugar Bowl invitation.

# THE LAW

# CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Trial by Newspaper

The New Jersey Supreme Court was not particularly impressed by the claims of Murderer Louis Van Duyne. Convicted of what the court called "the patently vicious crime" of beating his wife to death with his first, Van Duyne had appealed on the ground that among others Paterson newspapers inflamed the jury against him by saying that he had been "arrested at least ten times," was now "accused of brutally beating his wife," and had allegedly told police, "You've got me for murder. I don't desire to tell you anything,"

The court found no prejudice, and it upheld Van Duyne's conviction. But



JUDGE FRANCIS
Prejudging v. the right to report.

Judge John J. Francis took the opportunity to issue a dictum banning all potentially prejudicial statements by police, prosecutors and defense lawyers throughout New Jersey.

Hard Bolance, Despite the Jersey clenial of Van Duyne's plea, "trial by newspaper" has caused U.S. appellate courts to reverse more and more convictions, Harvard's Law Dean Erwin N. that "Lee Harvey Oswald could not have received a fair trial anywhere in the U.S. and the Supreme Court would have so held." Nothing like the Oswald case, said the Warren Commission, has so dramatized "the need for steps to bring about a proper balance between formed and the right of the individual to a fair and impartial trial."

But the bar, as well as the press, has much to answer for. "Inflammatory" news stories that prejudice juries are "too often" published "with the prosecutor's collaboration," said Justice Felix Frankfurter in 1961, when the Supreme Court vacated an Indiana murder conviction on just such grounds.

The New Jersey Supreme Court felt in dap ower to impose its ban on law-yers as "officers of the court" under the bar's canons of ethics. As the court read it, Canon 20 covers prosecution chatter "as to alleged confessions or into the effect that the case is 'open and but' against the defendant, and the like, or with reference to the defendant's prior criminal record." As for defense coursel, "the right of the state to a fair trial cannot be impeded or diluted by out-of-court assertions by him to news media on the subject of his client's media on the subject of his client's

New Problem. The New Jersey court apparently does not go along with Harvard's Dean Griswold and others who favor use of the contempt power to shut up talkative policemen. Superior ments that "constitute conduct unbecoming a police officer," said the court. As for inquisitive newsmen, the court added that nothing in its order "proscribes the reporting of the evidence as excited that the properties of the evidence as the properties of the court of the state and the defendant during the course of the trial."

All this stirred outgoing President Sam Ragan of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association to warn that we are hearing again the ancient cry that the free press is the enemy of fair trial." Ragan, who is executive editor of the Raleigh, N.C., News and Observer-Times, invoked the free press as the last bulwark before "the Star Chamber and ultimately secret arrest and secret trial.' The Jersey court had not suggested Star Chamber courtrooms with no press present, but other critics found cause to wonder if the ban might not tend to overprotect lazy, incompetent or corrupt public officials. At any rate, the court's ruling was bound to provoke thoughtful debate and quite possibly a constitutional test.

#### A Drevfus of Drunks

When he is able to work. DeWitt Easter, 59, is a skilled plasterer who can earn \$175 a week in Washington, D.C. But Easter is seldom out of jail and sober. An alcoholic whose father was an alcoholic, he has been arrested 70 times for public intoxication-a "crime" for which Washington arrests 44,000 people a year. While such police work tidies up the streets, the fact that 70% of the arrests involve repeaters like Easter suggests that Washington's anti-drunk laws are more punitive than preventive. And it is just this premise that has spurred some highly sober Washington lawyers to make Easter's latest conviction a national test case aimed at finding alternatives to the present practice of treating alcoholics like criminals.

Futile Sanctions, So-called public intoxication accounts for almost 50% of criminal arrests in U.S. urban areasor roughly 1,000,000 arrests a yearand for more than 50% of the inmates in U.S. county jails. These statistics do not include arrests for drunken driving or assaults caused by drinking. Arrests for plain public drunkenness total about 26,000 a year in San Francisco, 66,000 in Chicago, 80,000 in Los Angeleswhile chronic drunks travel an endless circuit from gutter to cell to gutter before their final trip to the morgue. "It is hard to imagine a drearier example of the futile use of penal sanctions," says New York's Chief City Magistrate John M. Murtagh. In New York, at least, the courts demand proof of actual disorderly conduct and the police thus arrest only about 15,000 drunks a year.

The glaring lack in nearly every U.S.



DEFENDANT EASTER Guilty of being sick.

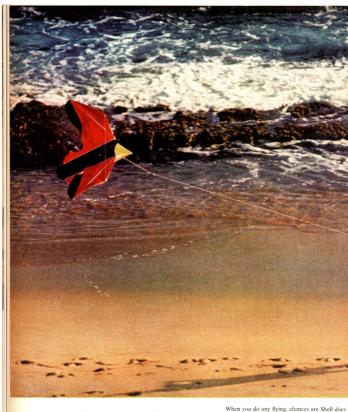
Washington's judges have the option of hospitalizing chronic drunks. Yet no such referral has occurred since 1962, for the simple reason that the law requires "adequate treatment facilities"something Congress has not provided. The city's rehabilitation clinic has facilities only for out-patients; the city's general hospital has beds for only 30 acute alcoholics. As a result, Washington spends \$2,000,000 a year tossing drunks in the workhouse along with thieves and gamblers; the money might better be used for a treatment center. The setup "stinks," fumes Washington Corrections Department Director Donald Clemmer, "The real alcoholic is not a criminal and should not bear the stigma of imprisonment.

Hopeful Strotegy. With the backing of tope full the American Civil Liberties Union, a young member of Dean Acheson's law firm named Peter Hutt is determined to find an escape from this maze by getting an appellate court to rule (as the Supreme Court did in 1962 regard-

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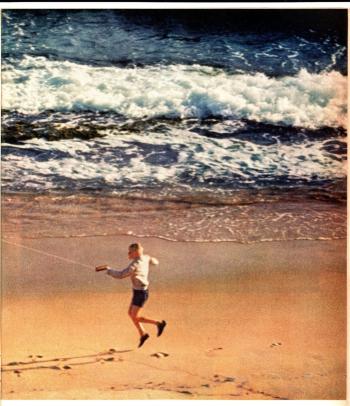


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pens with cartridge filling action, superbly crafted with 14K gold points, kept writing-moist in exclusive airtight sockets. When no other gift seems important enough for an important client,

bines a richly styled base to complement the make your choice Sheaffer, the most-given make your choice Sheaffer, the most-given desk set in America.



ing narcoties addicts) that it is unconstitutional to jail victims of a "disease" over which they have no control. As Hutt sees it, this might force Congress to provide decent treatment facilities, Unhappily for Hutt, Washington's Assistant Corporation Counsel Clark F. King believes that Congress will fail to act. If Hutt wins, says King, drunks "will be turned out on the streets, and the public, including women and children, will be exposed to them and their

For the past year, Hutt has sought a Dreyfus of drunks on whom to build a case. Four times, he plucked sodden candidates out of the drunk tank, and each time, King foiled a trial by getting the charges dropped with a nolle prosequi (will no further prosecute). Hutt finally produced precedents saving that once a trial has begun, this tactic is not allowable without the defendant's consent. He then took DeWitt Easter as his client only after the police had rested their case. A few weeks ago, Easter was given a 90-day suspended sentence by Judge Edmond Daly, who is "absolutely in 100% agreement" with Hutt's goal,

Now the appeal is well under way. Defendant Easter, who has "craved liquor like a man craving water," may not live to see Congress provide the care that would make him Patient Easter. But his name may go down in law books as that of a desperate man who left hope for other.

# CONTRACTS

#### Craps on Credit

While visiting Puerto Rico, a New Yorker named Jack Golden lost \$12,-000 shooting craps in a San Juan hotel casino. Golden signed 10Us for \$9,000 and wrote a check for \$3,000. Then, when he got home, he ordered his bank to stop payment. Golden assumed that it was a lovely legal welsh; gambling debts are not collectible in New York.

dens are not conceincine in New York.

hotel not only sued him for \$12,000, but last week won its case in the New York Court of Appeals, Cambling debts are legally collectible in Puerto Rico, New York is bound to homer "foreign right" unless it violates "some prevalent conception of good morals." New York does permit pari-mutted betting, and "public sentiment in New York Grieen this quasi approval, ruled the majority, "nijustice would result" if New Yorkers could renege on losses in any state where gambling "contracts" are

Chief Judge Charles Desmond winced at the decision. Said he in sharp dissent: The majority "is holding that there is no public policy against the use of a New York court as a collection agency by a gambling-house proprietor who is guilty of the social wrong of letting his customers gamble on a charge-account This announcement appears as a matter of record only.

# \$55,000,000

# **Philip Morris**



4.65% Notes due November 1, 1989

The undersigned have arranged the direct placement of these Notes with institutional investors,

Lehman Brothers

Glore, Forgan & Co.

November 20, 1964.

# "Better Than Money"

First National City Travelers Checks On Sale at your Bank

**Give TIME.** The Christmas Rate of one year for \$7.50 means a saving of \$1.50 on the regular \$9 one-year rate with every subscription you order.

Make out your gift list and let us know how you want the announcement cards signed. We'll bill you in January if you prefer not to send payment now.

"Better Than Money"

First National City Travelers Checks Allied Van Lines will move more families this week than any other mover



TIME, NOVEMBER 27, 1964

# KING

KING "PAYMATE"



17 windows



made of select top grain leathers

> Threefold feature makes Paymate compact to carry

\$500 and up,

KING LEATHERS INC. OF INDIANA, PENNSYLVANIA



# MODERN LIVING

# FASHION

Out of the Rocker

She has ginger-brown eyes, a kinetic smile and the gentle genitifich ways generally attributed in home-stitched samplers and anonymous Hallmark verse to that typical, twinkly little lady who is Everybody's Grandmother. Unfortunately, however, Florence Eisenan, 65, is grandmother only to seven man, 65, is grandmother only to seven the second of the se

signer (Florence Eiseman), one business manager (Laurence Eiseman), one seamstress (Florence Eiseman) and one sewing machine (Singer). Now, the Eiseman staff includes a production manager (Son Laurence Ir., 37), and advertising and sales director (Son Robert, 34), 130 employees and 150 sewing machines.

It also includes Gloria Nelson, 38, an Iowa housewife who got into designing in a fit of pique while ironing the endless flounces and bows on her two daughters' party dresses. In the eight years since she went to work for the Eisemans, Mrs. Nelson has had an



-----



SPRING FASHIONS
From Everybody's Grandmother, style for the under-twelve set.

by their millions of daughters to get out important of the rocker and learn to sew.

Instead of Bridge, Florence Eiseman didn't wait to get into a rocker-barely, in fact, got out of the cradle before taking to a needle and thread. But not until her two sons went off to college in the 1940s could she find the time to do more than turn a collar or darn a sock. Other housewives might have taken up bridge, or begun an affair. Mrs. Eiseman turned out pinafores instead, gave them as gifts to children of friends. Husband Laurence (then head of a collection agency) looked at his wife's designs with a sharp, enthusiastic eye, and persuaded Chicago's Marshall Field & Co. to do the same. It was the fussy era in children's fashions, a day that called for ruffles and ribbons and starched puffed sleeves. Mrs. Eiseman preferred simple styles, fine fabrics and an elegance not of ornament but of workmanship, Marshall Field ordered \$3,000 worth, sold out in a month. Florence Eiseman, Inc. was in business.

Personnel then consisted of one fabric buyer (Laurence Eiseman), one deimportant hand both in originating styles and in practical innovations like the "add-a-hem" (an ingenious scheme by which hems may be progressively lowered over a four-inch span, simply by multing one of a series of threads.

pulling one of a series of threads).

Skin First. The Eiseman line now extends through 250 stores in 42 states, has an outlet in London. "It sounds awful," confesses President Laurence Eiseman, "but we sell only to the top stores." Kennedys under twelve own Florence Eiseman clothes. So do Prince Albert and Princess Caroline of Monaco, Elizabeth, Taylor's daughter Liza and well-dressed scores of others whose parents like that unfrilled look. Last week, in Manhattan to display the new spring and "cruise wear" fashions, Florence Eiseman explained why. "I believe," she said, busy knitting something white and inscrutable, "that all children are beautiful. Their skin, their eyes, their legs and arms and hair are what you should see first. Nothing must detract from them." Accordingly, Eiseman dresses generally come in solid colors or in a simple check or stripe. Trademarks



# There's a widow somewhere...

. . . whom we think we can help. And a career girl.

And a housewife.

In fact, any number of women. Why?

Because very often they have the same problem in common: how to make their extra money work hardest for them.

We've worked on that problem many times over the years now-and we've come up with thousands of different answers. Different because investment values and opportunities change from day to day, because individual resources vary, and because at any given moment our answer is tailored to the particular needs and requirements of the person who asks.

Sometimes that answer will focus on bonds and preferreds. Sometimes on stocks yielding liberal dividends. And sometimes on stocks with distinct growth possibilities. It all depends.

A widow has a small legacy-mostly insurance - and has to reach for a maximum of income with a minimum of risk.

A successful career girl is edging slowly up on retirement; doesn't care about more income today but wants her investments to pay sizable dividends, tomorrow.

The housewife pares her budget to invest a little each month for Johnny's college in ten years or so. Whoever asks-at whatever time or

for whatever reason - gets the very best answers we can come up with. Without charge or obligation.

If you'd like our help, simply write a confidential letter addressed to-

JOSEPH C. OUINN



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER

MERRILL LYNCH. PIERCE. FENNER & SMITH INC of the line are special appliquéd forms: sailboats, birds, daisies. "They are not inexpensive," admits

Mrs. Eiseman (knits start at \$9, day dresses at \$20, party clothes often run to \$100), "but we will not compromise. We don't know how." From the evidence submitted at every posh birthday party in every borough throughout the land, it is a welcome and most profitable ignorance.

# YOUTH

## Darien's Dolce Vita

One of the most forthright witnesses I have ever encountered," is the way Circuit Judge Rodney S. Eielson described William G. Alpert, 20, of Darien, Conn., at last month's trial and conviction of 19-year-old Michael Smith for negligent homicide in the carcrash death of Nancy Hitchings. Alpert, Smith's chum at Norwalk Community College, a night school, had volunteered vivid descriptions of staggering drunkenness at the debutante party that preceded the fatal accident. He himself did not drink, said Alpert, airily explaining: "I have no need to dull my

Not with alcohol. Last week Alpert was arrested for the possession of narcotics. When Norwalk police stopped his blue 1958 Volkswagen, they found 1½ oz. of marijuana hidden where the batteries should be in a 3-in. flashlight in the glove compartment. And in his pocket was a tin tobacco box containing several marijuana cigarettes

Dark Doubts. Alpert, according to the police, admitted that he had been using marijuana for about a year, and that he also kept his senses spinning by sniffing model-airplane glue and eating "goofballs" (barbiturates) and hallucinogenic peyote. Arrested in the car with him, after admitting he knew about the presence of the drugs, was another pal of Michael Smith's-18-year-old Martin Greig, who is currently estranged from his family and living with Michael. In two earlier arrests, six other Fairfield County youths had been picked up on narcotics charges-two of them sons of former mayors of Norwalk and Stamford

Nobody was happy about the new element that had been added to the situation: the commuter community of Darien seemed to the outside world like more of a Peyton Place than ever (Darien real-estate men report indications that sales of houses are down), and dark doubts are shadowing the residents themselves. "Parents are more suspi-cious of their kids," said one Darien minister last week.

Part of New York. Darien's head shakers shook their heads still harder, murmuring among themselves about all the new people crowding in-supervisors from nearby factories, on-themove executives transferred to New 70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK YORK from all over the country-and about the dangers of letting one's chil-



WITNESS ALPERT Other ways to dull the senses

dren go to public school and take up with youngsters whose parents one does not know and is not likely to.

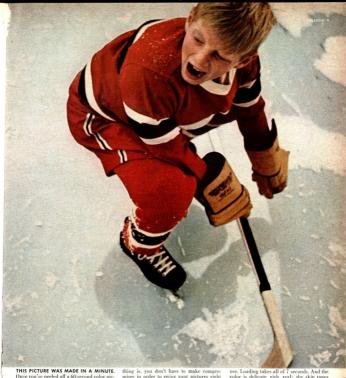
Darien's high school is a good one, and the mingling there of children from varied social stratifications is generally thought to be working out well for all concerned. The trouble is that in a school of 1,018 pupils so near New York there is bound to be a fast set of hard-shell hippies like Alpert who seem utterly glamorous to more sheltered types. As one Darien mother sighed last week: "It's hopeless. We're just nothing but a part of New York—that's all it is."

# THE FUTURE

# Thumb-Print Economics

In a long, thoughtful look into the computerized future, Simon Ramo, vice chairman of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc., which is paid to think such thoughts, recently offered a vision of shopping as it may be in the next few decades. "Financial and accounting operations will be revolutionized by electronic information networks. Personal checks, and even currency and coin, will be delegated to a few rural areas or museums. When you buy a necktie or a house, your thumb print in front of the little machine will identify you, subtract from your account and put it into the seller's account, all through electrical signals and not by today's funny little pieces of paper with written or printed hieroglyphics. The data will be assembled according to rules, the government will take its cut in taxes, and all ac-counts will be kept straight by the pervasive electronics information system of the future

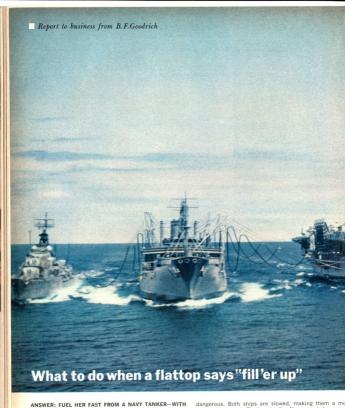
It was a vision to delight nearly every harassed taxpayer and housewife-except those whose domestic economy often depends on the calculation that a check cashed at 4 p.m. Friday will not reach the bank before the following Wednesday.



Once you've peeled off a 60-second color pic-ture, it seems a little odd to take pictures any other way. Sort of like eating a steak today and having to wait a week to taste it. Nice thing is, you don't have to make compro-mises in order to enjoy your pictures right away. The Polaroid Color Pack Camera is lighter than many 35 mm cameras. The elec-tric eye makes it almost ridiculously easy to use. Loading takes all of 7 seconds. And the color is delicate, rich, real; the skin tones accurate. Why wait for Christmas? Why not see the new lower-priced model right away?







ANSWER: FUEL HER FAST FROM A NAVI TANKER—WITH A SPECIAL KIND OF B.F.GOODRICH HOSE. Refueling at sea keeps this aircraft carrier and its companion destroyer on their "beat", as they provid the ocean on the lookout for unidentified submarines.

The threat is real: a missile shot from a sub several hundred miles at sea could devastate an entire American city. So the vigil must be constant, even in peacetime. In wartime, refueling at sea is still more vital, and far more

dangerous. Both sinps are suvery, intering their a my unlerable target. That's why the Navy needed, a way speed up the refueling operation. And B.F. Goodrich found Here's the story: the hose that carries the fuel has to fantastically strong and flexible. Winds blow it. Waves it. Yet it must be light enough to be pulled quickly from sl to ship. Heretofore, the only hose light enough for the ship. Heretofore, the only hose light enough for the

purpose was 6 inches in diameter.
To speed the flow of fuel, B.F.Goodrich technicians dev



oped a 7-inch hose that cuts perilous time from every refueling—but actually weighs no more than the 6-inch size. BFG reduced weight by replacing the heavy wire reinforcement in the saddle sections with lighter but equally strong nylon. Improvements by B.F. Goodrich have also resulted

in lighter, stronger hose that saves time in many other uses—hose for carrying everything from blasts of air to torrents of liquid –for scalding steam, corrosive chemicals, and even chunks of coal. BrG makes more hose and more ferent kinds of hose than anybody else. Any of our distributors can help you decide which is your best buy.

Developing new and better hose is only one way B.F.Good-

mich combines ingenuity with a basic material—rich combines ingenuity with a basic material—rubber, plastic, textile, metal—to produce products that solve challenging problems. For more information, write the President's Office, The B.F.Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio 44318.



Where can you turn for a really great gift this year?



here

or here

Give new light Vat 69 GOLD 2000 or Traditional Vat 69

You could give one Vat 69, say the new light Vat GOLD — The first light Scotch of Classic Quality. It's a rare combination of modern taste and 100 years Scotch-blending experience. You could give the Vat 69 Traditional. Very smooth, and like the GOLD, beautifully wrapped for the Holidays. Giving both Vats solves your problem. Of course, it does offer another one: does your friend send one or two "Thank You" notes?

# THE PRESS

#### NEWSPAPERS

#### New Record for Stubbornness

Bickering and grandstanding were obviously no help, but that was all the union bosses seemed ready to do as Detroit's newspaper strike approached its 20th week, Pressmen's Union President Freeman Frazee tried to split the two struck papers by marching his men back to the Free Press but not to the News; the maneuver only further antagonized both papers, which bargain together, and Frazee's delegation was stopped by a padlocked pressroom door. Then Jimmy Hoffa put in his unsolicited 2¢ worth. If the papers could somehow publish without pressmen, said the Teamster boss, the truck drivers would deliver them.

Curiously enough, it was another intervening labor leader, United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther, who broke the deadlock. Apparently looking for a way out of the trap his own stubbornness had sprung, the pressmen's Frazee paid a clandestine visit to Reuther at the U.A.W.'s Solidarity House and humbly asked for help. "I'll make a compromise proposal," Reuther said, "but I won't argue." Within a day, both the papers and Frazee's pressmen accepted the terms.

Reuther's proposals ironed out the remaining issue between the two sides: whether to operate new high-speed presses with 15-man or 16-man crews. For one year, proposed the U.A.W. chief, the presses will run with 16-man crews. Then, unless the pressmen agree to submit the issue to binding arbitration, the 16th man will be dropped.

Since this was almost exactly what the papers had asked for, what had Frazee's strike accomplished? When the papers get back into business this week, his pressmen will be getting substantially the same contract terms that all but one of the other unions agreed upon before the strike began. And since Frazee had already given in on all other demands, his prolonged intransigence netted the pressmen little more than the right to claim that they had spun out the city's ninth newspaper shutdown in nine years to a record 131 days.

## Working Journalist

Roy Wilson Howard was a natty little man with a predilection for splendid dress-fresh boutonnieres every day, violently checked pistachio shirts and how ties of the same stuff. His taste for work was just as pronounced. "I'm not a candidate for the funeral director vet," he said in 1960, putting aside his last active title with the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain and taking the relatively inactive post of chairman of the executive committee. But he continued to go down to the office every day just the same. There, one afternoon last week, in his 81st year, a heart attack ended Roy Howard's 62-year career in

"Gall All Over," Success in that career came early because Howard worked hard to get it. Whatever he got, he owed to no other man. The son of an Irish railroad brakeman and a tollgate keeper's daughter, he never went beyond high school. As a youth in Indianapolis, he rose before dawn to carry the Star, delivered the News every afternoon. In between, he filed so many space-rate stories for the News that the paper put him on a reporter's salary (\$8 a week) to save money. Ambition led him to St. Louis in 1905, but when Joseph Pulitzer's Post-Dispatch did not



ROY HOWARD He owed what he got to no other man.

promote him rapidly enough to suit him, Roy Howard, then 22, quit.

Howard's association with the newspaper group that today bears his name began that same year, when he went to work as news editor of the Cincinnati Post. Within two years, his aggressive independence had attracted the attention of Edward Wyllis Scripps, who had just added a wire service, United Press, to the numerous papers he owned. Scripps called Howard to his California ranch to look him over, and Howard appeared in his gaudiest regalia. The way Howard recalled the meeting, Scripps shoved his glasses up on his forehead, took a long, searching look and exclaimed, "My God, another little one!" Replied Howard (according to Howard): "Yes, but maybe a good one this time. Scripps's later recollection of the

facedown with Howard does not conflict: "His manner was forceful, and the reverse from modest. Gall was written all over his face. It was in every tone and every word he voiced. There was ambition, self-respect and forcefulness oozing out of every pore of his

body . . . However, so completely and exuberantly frank was he that it was impossible for me to feel any resentment on account of his cheek." Resentment, indeed. Scripps came to value Howard's talents and insouciance so much that in 1912, at 29, Howard became the U.P.'s first president.

Better than command, Howard liked the excitement of the story hunt, and it led him all over the globe. He took a newsman's wry pride in having scooped the world on the signing of the World War I armistice, which he happened to report four days before it actually took place. Having seen what was apparently a government dispatch and having relied on an unimpeachable source-Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commanding U.S. naval forces in France-Howard never regretted his premature dispatch: 'No real reporter could have or would have done otherwise."

The Important Date. In due time, Howard was elevated to full command of the Scripps organization, displacing in 1922 Scripps's first partner, Milton McRae, in the name of the chain. After Scripps died in 1926, the chain changed too. The pro-Democrat, pro-labor views of Edward Wyllis Scripps gave way to moderate Republicanism, although in 1932 and 1936 Howard swung the newspaper chain behind Franklin Roosevelt Until this Goldwater year. Roosevelt was the last Democratic presidential candidate the chain endorsed; the mainstream Republican tone was maintained by editorials sent out from New York headquarters.

Thanks in large part to Howard, Scripps-Howard is in excellent shape to survive his departure. Sound business management and the delegation of considerable authority to editors have maintained the 86-year-old organization as the most enduring and successful group of newspapers in the U.S. The U.P., having absorbed Hearst's International News Service in 1958 to become U.P.I., is larger and stronger than ever. And to his son Jack, 54, who succeeded him in 1953 as president, Roy Howard bequeathed the kind of working newsman's creed that he himself followed all his life: "No date on the calendar is as important as tomorrow."

# Political Ad of the Week

In Denver's Rocky Mountain News: REPUBLICANS!

THE TIME IS NOW . . . THE NEED WAS NEVER GREATER

- FOR MEN AND WOMEN WITH THESE LEADERSHIP ABILITIES:
  - SELE-CONFIDENCE · MOTIVATIONAL SKILLS
  - · EFFECTIVE SPEAKING . HUMAN RELATIONS INSIGHT
  - . THE COURAGE TO THINK, DECIDE AND ACT

The ad was placed for the Dale Carnegie Course.

# RELIGION

# THE VATICAN COUNCIL The Pope Runs the Church

Paul VI last week coldly and dramatically reaffirmed that it is the Pope, and not the bishops of the Vatican Council, who really runs the Roman Catholic Church, Just as the third session of the council was ending, Pope Paul-siding with conservative cardinals of the Roman Curia-took a major decision out of the hands of the progressive majority of prelates. Thereby, he raised doubts whether he essentially favors the aggiornamento begun by John XXIII and whether he intends to give anything more than lip service to collegialitythe doctrine, approved by the bishops, that they, as descendants of the Apostles, share ruling authority over the

church with the Pope. The bishops' sudden awakening to realities came two days before the session's end, when they were scheduled to vote on a revised declaration on religious liberty that strongly defended the right of all men to worship God as conscience dictates. Just before the balloting, Eugène Cardinal Tisserant, chairman of the twelve council presidents, announced that "many fathers have objected that there has not been sufficient time to consider the declaration. It seems proper therefore to the presidency that this question should not be decided now. We will not proceed

to a vote From Anger to Action. There was a brief burst of scattered applause, but most of the 1,950 prelates present were clearly stunned. Angrily they poured down from their tiered seats to the floor of St. Peter's. Albert Cardinal Mever of Chicago, normally calm and introverted, was livid with rage. He and most other bishops knew that the "many fathers" consisted of only 120 or so conservatives, mostly Italian, and that they had had plenty of time to consider the declaration; the conservative-oriented theological commission had approved the final draft, "Let's not stand here talking," snapped Bishop Francis Reh, head of the North American College in Rome. "Who has some paper?" A group of prelates quickly drafted a petition to the Pope that "urgently, very urgently and most urgently" requested him to overrule the presidents, "lest the confidence of the world, both Christian and non-Christian, be lost." Within 90 minutes, American and Canadian bishops had rounded up more than 800 signatures for the petition.

As they worked, Belgian Bishop Emile Josef De Smedt rose to give the speech that was to have introduced the declaration. When he sat down, after pleading that "religious liberty is demanded by human dignity itself," there were tears in his eyes, He was rewarded with applause that rolled on and on, the moderator powerless to stop it.

That day, Meyer, Joseph Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis, and Montreal's Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger presented the petition to the Pope. Next morning, the prelates learned, again through Cardinal Tisserant, that the Pope had sided with the presidents; they also discovered that he had overruled the council on two other matters. On his own authority, the Pope had made 19 changes in the final draft of a schema on Christian unity that had already been accepted by the council in chapter-by-chapter votes. Some of the changes clearly modified the ecumenical intentions of the prelates. The text approved by the bishops noted that Protestants "find God." through the grace of the Holy Spirit, in Scripture; Paul made it "seek God." The Pope also announced that he would proclaim Mary as "Mother of the Church"-a new title, which the bishops had decided not to include in the Marian chapter of a schema on the church

Fears for the Future. On the ceremious closing day of the council, Pope Paul formally promulgated the impression and progression-princil schemata for the properties of the pr

Despite these accomplishments, many bishops returned home far more disturbed about the future of the council than they had been at the end of the stalemated second session. The Pope's

final actions at the council made it clear that collegiality was largely an ideal, not an ecclesiastical fact. His support of the Curia's maneuvering left many bishops resentful, their faith shaken in his progressive intentions.

# ROMAN CATHOLICS A New Way of Worship

At the Roman Catholic chapel on the University of New Mexico campus last week, one woman worshiper commented on the vaguely familiar hymn sung at the end of the Mass. "It's very pretty," she said. "Who wrote it?" Her response was a disbelieving gasp when the priest explained that O God, Almighty Father was a Luthera hymn.

She was not the only U.S. Catholic to be surprised as the nation's dioceses prepared for the introduction on Nov. 29, the first Sunday in Advent, of sweeping changes in the Mass. In obedience to decrees of the Varican Council, U.S. German and the Catholic Catholic

At first, the degree of liturgical novely will vary greatly from city to city. Traditionally, Midwestern priests and bishops have been most active in championing liturgical reform: churches in Chicago, St. Louis and Oklahoma City, for example, have for a decade or more had such "innovations" as dialogue Mass, congregational singing of entrance hymns, altars at which priests say Mass facing the people. All this will be new to some East Coast and California dioceses, where conservative Irish-American clerics have done their best to keep the Mass



MASS AT SACRED HEART PARISH IN WARRENSBURG, MO. Turnabout altars, prayers in English and hymns by Luther.

# Wausau Story

By CHARLES J. REYNOLDS, President. Florida Fishing Tackle Manufacturing Company, Inc., St. Petersburg, Fla., makers of famous "Barracuda" brand pre-tested tackle

"Although we are one of the country's largest tackle manufacturers. we are small as manufacturers gojust a hundred employees. Yet Employers Mutuals of Wausau, even with policyholders a hundred times our size, gives us their complete, thorough attention. Their experienced guidance and considerate personal service have helped us protect our people and our assets at minimum cost. Knowing that we have these interested, watchful people looking out for us gives all of us in our company a feeling of

greater security. Certainly they have well earned their reputation for being 'good people to do busi-ness with'."

\* \* \*

Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes group health and accident plans, fidelity bonds, all forms of fire, liability and casualty insurance, including auto, and is one of the largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



"Nothing relieves a businessman's mind of trou-bles like fishing—except, maybe, a good insurance program." In photo above, Mr. Reynolds, an avid erman (striped shirt, back to camera), joins ads for kingfishing off Florida's west coast.





Mr. Reynolds, smiling through catch of kinglish, "we've found the only proof of tackle is the fish it can take."

# **Employers Mutuals of Wausau**

to the form prescribed by the 16th century Council of Trent.

This Today, That Tomorrow. In Los Angeles, James Francis Cardinal Mc-Intyre has done nothing to encourage liturgy-reforming pastors. So far, his chancery has issued only one brief instruction on Mass revisions, and at least one parish will make no changes at all until next spring. "It's no big deal here, said one priest. Other bishops will conform to the spirit of the new regulations gradually. In Washington, D.C., Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle has insisted that pastors introduce the changes with 16 weeks of explanatory sermons. Says Msgr. Robert Arthur, a Washington liturgist: "You can't just take 350,000 people and shake them and say-look, you did this today, but you're going to do that tomorrow. New York's Francis Cardinal Spell-

man has made no secret of his preference for the traditional way. But now many churches in his archdiocese have a lay commentator to lead the congregation in reciting the Gloria, Creed and other prayers in English. In the equally conservative diocese of Brooklyn, staid Irish and Italian churches have been conducting midweek rehearsals and demonstration Masses to accustom their flocks to the prayers and hymns.

The mechanics of the change are often troublesome. Although Catholic publishers have rushed into print new altar missals for the priest, laymen will have to fumble with leaflets and mimeographed texts of the prayers in English. The new Mass should be celebrated on a plain altar by a priest facing the congregation; many pseudo-Gothic churches have ornate high altars fixed to the wall-a situation that calls for either drastic architectural surgery or the unesthetic installation of an additional altar.

Children's Chorus, Not all Catholics like the new way. Many older priests find it hard to abandon the practices of a lifetime, and tend to obey the letter rather than spirit of the change. Some laymen also prefer the old "church of silence" and complain that spoken prayers are distracting. Says one San Francisco Catholic: "I feel like I'm a member of a children's chorus, having to sing this wretched little hymn out loud."

In part the complaint is justified. since the English texts of the Mass approved by the U.S. hierarchy lack the poet's touch, and there is no easy solution to the problem of suitable music. Gregorian chant does not fit the English words. Many congregations dislike the simple but widely used psalm melodies composed by French Jesuit Joseph Gelineau, and most traditional Catholic hymns in English are so poor that the bishops have had to set contemporary composers to creating new ones.

By and large, younger Catholic laymen and priests are enthusiastic about the new approach to worship, and even some Latin diehards have found after a month or so of practice that the Mass



FATHER LANIER & SCENE FROM "THE OLD GLORY" Bridging the three blocks between church and stage.

has become a more meaningful and personal encounter with God. Besides, they know by now that the old order returneth not. In Rome a post-conciliar liturgical commission is at work on an even more drastic restructuring of Catholicism's central act of worship that will strip away many over-the-centuries accretions to the original Roman rite.

#### **EPISCOPALIANS**

Off Broadway

Every evening at 8, at a drab brick building in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen. the stage is set for the American Place Theater production of Poet Robert Lowell's The Old Glory. Every Sunday at noon, with the addition of an altar, the same building is ready for the Holy Communion services of St. Clement's Episcopal Church, an off-Broadway mission parish serving the theater community. Running both shows is the Rev. Sidney Lanier, 41, a lively, loquacious priest who as president of the theater and vicar of St. Clement's is trying to bridge the gap between church and

In the City Jungle. Lanier is one of many experiment-minded clergymen who are trying to find more effective ways of communicating the Gospel in the jungles of the de-Christianized city. A descendant of his namesake the poet, and a distant cousin of Playwright Tennessee Williams, Lanier was raised as a Baptist in Florida, spent an adult decade of "militant agnosticism" before deciding, in 1950, to study for the Episcopal priesthood. After a tour of cleri-cal duty in the Virgin Islands and at Marhattan's fashionable St. Thomas' church he became convinced that "the church in its parochial form is just not part of what's going on.

Two years ago, Lanier got permission from his bishop to take over moribund St. Clement's and turn it into a mission church aimed at Broadway, three blocks to the east. In collaboration with Director Wynn Handman, Actors Mi-chael Tolan and Richard Shepard, he also formed the American Place Theater, which provides a platform where such writers as Poet Lowell and Novelists Niccolo Tucci and Philip Roth can experiment with the craft of drama.

A Sense of Community, Although Lanier regards the theater and his mission as separate-actors are chosen for their professional skills and not because they are on the parish roster-he believes that the church can learn from the contemporary stage. "The real experienced truth about man himself" is often better expressed in the "theater of the absurd" than in the Prayer Book, he says, and he puts drama into his unconventional Sunday services. Instead of a sermon, St. Clement's may feature a scene from Beckett's Waiting for Godot, In addition to readings from the Epistles and Gospels, the service has a "contemporary epistle"; last Sunday it was a passage from John Steinbeck's East of Eden, Actors are not the only ones who find a sense of community at St. Clement's: the congregation of 125 also has doctors, lawyers, writers, and a sprinkling of neighborhood slum dwellers.

Eventually Lanier hopes to become self-supporting, a worker-priest living off his earnings in the theater and television. He also hopes that ecclesiastical experiments, such as his theater mission, will lead to a revitalization of the church. "I think that the church as we know it has to disappear," he says. "We have to take seriously the New Testament, where it says that the leaven must be lost in the dough.



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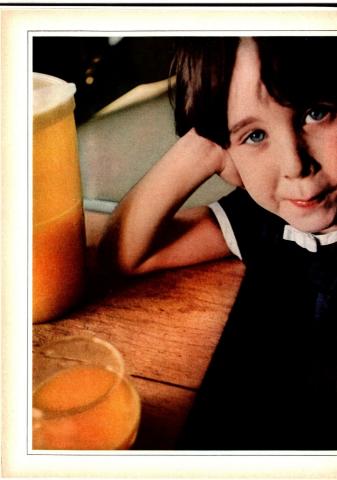
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You'd also expect that a leader in cryogenics, the science of supercold, would develop an improved process for making the frozen orange juice concentrate that starts Tricia McDonald off to a bright, good morning.

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### EDUCATION

### PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Where an Orange Is a Textbook They do not know what a mirror is, or what an orange is. They do not know their own names. In slum schools across the U.S., normally intelligent children come to kindergarten and first grades innocent of the elementary knowledge and aspirations of their middle-class contemporaries. This mental poverty, caused by their parents' often shocking ignorance and inarticulation, starts the kids off in school so ill-equipped that they slip helplessly backward as they go on (central Harlem eighth-graders, for example, test almost three years behind other New York City students). Thus begins the vicious circle of slum birth to school failure to joblessness to slum

One hopeful response to this knowledge gap is to put "culturally impoverished" children into prekindergartens at the age of four and pour the missing commonplaces into them. Working under near-laboratory conditions, New York City Psychologist Martin Deutsch pioneered teaching concepts for preschoolers; now Ford Foundation-sponsored projects are under way in Oakland. New Haven, New York, Boston, and eastern Pennsylvania. The U.S. Office of Education is backing an experiment in Kalamazoo, Mich., and the Johnson Foundation has financed a program in Racine, Wis. Farthest along of all is Baltimore's "Early School Ad-missions Project," supported by the city and a \$155,000 Ford grant.

Sustained Aspirations. The Baltimore experiment began in February 1963 with two classes of 30 pupils each, expanded to its present level of four classes (one white, two Negro, one integrated) six months later. Each class is taught by a team of four women: an experienced kindergarten teacher, an assistant, a teacher's aide whose job is to keep individual records on each child's progress, and an unpaid volunteer who helps at lunchtime and naptime and adds to the casual, familylike surroundings. "We break the class into groups, always trying to bring the communication down to a conversation between a grownup and a child," says Project Director Catherine Brunner

Since many of the pupils have never been more than a few blocks from home, the teachers take them to parks, the airport, construction sites and libraries, and thus widen their narrowter than the parks of the construczed to be incomprehensible, and it took photographs, film strips and much patent explanation before they understood what they saw, and learned to talk about it. An orange becomes a texttook was no orange before: it teaches the meaning of "rough" and "round."

"We want the children to touch, to



TEACHER BRANCH (LEFT) & PREKINDERGARTEN CLASS
Pouring in missing commonplaces.

hold, to operate, and to care for," says. Teacher Veinm Branch. A teacher goes behind a screen and asks children to identify the sound of a bouncing ball, an egg beater, a newspaper being crumpled. Pupils smell fruits and flowers, classify objects according to texture, distinguish shapes, care for promotivers," Take this pear home. Eat it and bring back the seeds tomorrow,"

The success of early admissions can be measured this year by testing prekindergarten graduates who have advanced through kindergarten to regular school. Two-thirds of them are in the top half of their first-grade class, with about 15% in the top quarter; the control group that started school with regular kindergarten predictably trails behind. If the prekindergarten graduates "can sustain the attitudes and aspirations imparted during this program," says Superintendent of Public Instruction George B. Brain, "we see reason to hope that there will never be the lag in educational development that already looms for the control group.

when the state of the state of

As a three-year experiment that be-

gan with teacher training and devising a curriculum, the Baltimore project is scheduled to end in June. The crucial bigger test will come in two years, when the early-admissions children reach the third grade and the learning of skills becomes less important than acquiring conceptual knowledge. Then, if success continues, the board of education has promised to consider expanding the preschool program to all slum-area children. Baltimore would thus become the first city in the nation to lower its entrance-age requirement for the public-school system, adopting a policy that many educators believe is essential and inevitable for the whole U.S.

### COLLEGES

### Fight for Wake Forest

"Let's get a jukehox," somehody yelled, and while the musis hared 1,000 chanting students of Wake Forest Colege twisted, frugged and hully-gullied under the North Carolina sky. The scene looked like football victory celebration: actually it was bitter defiance of church under the second to the s

For most of its 130-year history, Wake Forest was known as "North Carolina's best high school," Since a scholarly Baptist theologian named Harold Wayland Tribble became president in 1950, the college has advanced to be-



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NEW ISSUE

November 24, 1964

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come a reputable small (2,900 students) liberal arts school. It offers degrees in law and medicine, gives M.A.'s in seven fields. Though all students must attend twice-weekly chapel programs and take two semesters of religion, the curriculum, the student body may be a fine of the control of

Tribble badly wants to transform Wake Forest into a truly academic university, a goal that the fundamentalist preachers who dominate the state convention bitterly oppose. They want the school to train future leaders of the church. "We're not in education for education's sake," protested the Rev. Tom Freeman.

The convention agreed, resoundingly



A frug of defiance.

defeated a proposal to allow nine of Wake Forest's 36 trustees to be non-Baptists and nonresidents of North Car-olina. Also voted down was a proposal permitting Wake Forest and six other Baptist schools in the state to accept the state of the state of

in Though the convention rules Wake Forest, it contributes only 5% of the liberal arts school's \$5,500,000 operating budget; most of the rest comes from tuition and the tobacco-rich Reynolds Foundation, which in 1946 gave the college free land for its new campus near Winston-Salem. Hunting that Wake Forest might break its ties to the Baptists, Tribble warned that "one way or another we shall move into the future." As students strolled through the teach the work of the state of the



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### CONDUCTORS

Herr Doktor

"I am a completely independent man," declares German Conductor Hermann Scherchen. "I do not have to conduct works I don't like." And he doesn't. In fact, for 35 years, Scherchen repeatedly refused invitations to conduct in the U.S. because the programs offered were too conventional for his tastes, "There is an extraordinary prejudice in America," he said, "to do works of commercial interest. Beethoven's 'Eroica,' Tchaikovsky's 'Pathétique' -fine music, but I've done them before. I desire to do things of special interest."

Finally, at the age of 73, Scherchen

hand working independently with machinelike precision. In climactic passages he carved the air with jabbing. slashing strokes of his baton while his left hand danced like a bird caught in a storm. At other times he seemingly stared the musicians through their paces, intermittently striking cues with the suddenness of a judo chop.

Conducting, Scherchen contends, is a misunderstood art, and he accepts only students who agree to devote three years to learning his technique. He never takes more than four at a time. They travel everywhere with "Herr Doktor, as they reverently call him, taking lessons at intermissions, in taxis and restaurants. Scherchen, who at eleven knew all of Beethoven's music by heart,



How to make music without an orchestra.

has come to the U.S. to conduct. The inducement was a specially assembled chamber orchestra of his very own, unlimited rehearsal time and, most important, a program of his own choice. The result was a treat worth the waiting. In five concerts at Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall this month, with the accent on works of "special interest from Bach to Berg, Scherchen displayed an attack that was clean, intense and boldly original. He braked tempos to the creeping point, intertwining each contrapuntal strand with meticulous care, then revved up the fast movements until the musicians were fairly bouncing off their chairs. To critics' charges that some interpretations were flawed by "exaggerations," Scherchen icily replies: "It is very fine if a man knows absolutely how it should be. I don't know."

Bird in a Storm, Stately and thickchested, Scherchen on the podium was a study in the fine art of conducting technique. He held the orchestra in tight rein with an economy of direction, each

insists that before taking baton in hand. a student must have the score indelibly branded on his memory. Then the gestures will follow naturally.

Unknowns. Students hone their craft by conducting Scherchen, who sings the music in a croaking voice and veers off course at the slightest lapse in direction. But mostly they conduct in total silence under the concentrated stare of Scherchen's glinting blue eyes. "Isn't there a crescendo there?" he will interrupt. Says James Harrison, 29, of St. Louis, who is currently the only Scherchen student in residence: "The maestro has no place for mediocrity, and therefore he outlaws orchestras. One has to listen to music within one's mind, using the powerful force of imagination."

Through his 92 Westminster record-

ings, most notably Bach's B Minor Mass been known and respected in the U.S. as a master of the baroque and classical repertory. But in Europe he is famed as the indefatigable champion of modern music, who played Schoenberg. Von Webern, Berg, Milhaud, Bartók and Hindemith when they were still rank unknowns. Scherchen's mission, as he sees it, is "to conduct all those works which cannot be performed without me." The result is that he has probably premiered more significant modern compositions than any other conductor in this century.

Ear Capacity. His ear, as always, is tuned to the sounds of the future. At his 17th century farmhouse in Gravesano. Switzerland, where he lives with his wife Pia, 42, and their five children (he has a total of nine children, ranging in age from four to 46, by three wives), he has constructed three "electroacoustical laboratories" crammed with exotic space-age sound equipment. There he pursues his "burning interest": investigating the possibilities of "electronic sound forces." One sound force he will not tolerate is the telephone: a grocery down the road handles all his calls.

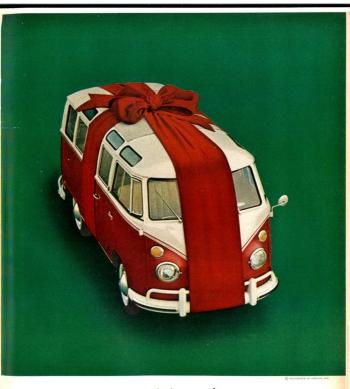
"The art of music has been dying since the beginning of the 20th century," says Scherchen. "The ear has developed new capacities; Beethoven no longer excites an audience as he did 15 years ago." The reason: "Beethoven has no high frequencies." Scherchen concedes that the electronic music being produced today is "primitive and monotonous," but foresees the day when it "will perhaps create the most fantastic reactions man has ever experienced." Whatever the sounds of the future, Hermann Scherchen means to have a hand in it. "My whole life has been doing new things," he says, "and I'm not going to stop now.'

### COUNTRY MUSIC The Nashville Sound

November is Country Music Month. Not exactly heart-pounding news-except in Nashville, Tenn., where it is cause for an annual whoop-'n'-holler hoedown called the Country Music Festival. Hundreds of back-hill singers and strummers, sporting mail-order toupees and \$300 hand-tooled boots, turn out for the event, and aspiring singers corner recording producers in elevators for impromptu auditions.

Big Business. The celebrants at the 13th annual festival had a lot to whoop about. Country and Western music, known in the trade as C & W, has never been more widely popular. Beginning with World War II, when every barracks and afterdeck resounded with homespun hits like Wabash Cannonball and Great Speckled Bird, C & W has spread with the rural populations to the industrial centers of the North and beyond. Today C&W is a bristling \$100 million-a-year industry with a network of more than 2,000 radio stations from Massachusetts to California airing country tunes. Nashville, with 21 recording studios, produces 30% of the nation's hit singles

Highlight of the festival was a pre-



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also means it can't boil over next summer.)
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TV'S JIMMY DEAN WITH C & W SIDEMEN
Those who can read music don't let it interfere.

mière of the movie Your Cheatin Heart, the life story of Singer-Songwriter Hank Williams, the "hilbilly Shakespeare." The songs on the sound track are sung by Williams son. Hank T., 1. Cubb by Williams son. Hank T., 1. Cubb can be sone of the sound track are sung the sone of the so

Williams, who never spent more than 30 minutes dashing off a song, was remarkably successful in all categories of gutubucket country—ill-fatted love (Cold. Cold Heart), sacred (When God Comes and Gathers His Jewels), "weepers" (Mry Son Calls Another Man Daddy) and novelty (Jambalaya). His records are still strong sellers, attesting to the tenacious loyalty of C. & W. fans, who propular market out the most durable sound on the popular market.

Heart, Not Art. The magic ingredient that keeps C & W perking along is an elusive something called the "Nashville Sound." More than the drawling, sowbelly accents and nasal intonations of the singers, it is the background music provided by the sidemen on twangy electric guitars. They are a small, seasoned corps whose musical prowess is more heart than art. Few, lest it cramp their style, have had formal training. In fact, they tend to pride themselves on their inability to read music, "and the few who can," says RCA Victor Executive Steve Sholes, "don't let it interfere with their performance.

They practice instead something called "head arranging," i.e., playing a song through a few times to get the "feel," then improvising and embellishing the rest of the way. Says Deccas Owen Bradley, the pioneer of C & W in Nashville: "Perfection is not necessarily what you're looking for. You just

want to play free. There's a lot of high-

ly organized faking."
The Nashville Sound, its practitioners claim, is absolutely indigenous to the town and can't be had elsewhere. It is something about "the warmth of Nashville," they explain, almost misty-eyed at the thought of it. Guitaris Grady Martin says he has tried playing C & W in New York and Hollywood with "for-one musician: "Country people play their feeling and feel their playing. That's the big difference."

Prized and Prime, Nashville Sound is now so prized that performers of all musical persuasions, from Doris Day to Fats Domino, have flocked to Nashville to cash in on it. Distilled into a variety of musical idioms, the Sound has made Trumpeter Al Hirt, for example, into the hottest instrumentalist around. Television now has a prime-time C & W program in The Jimmy Dean Show. The Nashville folk have even gained some measure of respectability from folk-music buffs, mindful that C & W traces its roots to Scottish, English and Irish ballads brought to the U.S. two centuries ago. Earl Scruggs, virtuoso of the five-string banjo, Lester Flatt and the Foggy Mountain Boys have been admitted to the folk pantheon. So has Johnny Cash, the most popular as well as the best of the modern country singercomposers (Ring of Fire, I'll Walk the

The fact that Nashville is Cashville has attracted a lot of big-city operators to town, and there is some concern that he Nashville Sound might lose its pure rural flavor. Cautions RCA Victor's Sholes: "It behoves Nashville to remain unhip, that is, to avoid losing the attitudes and points of view which have made country music the great culture it is."



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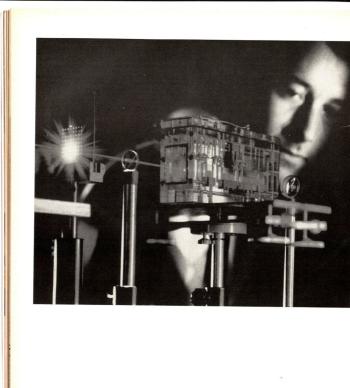
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### ART

### **DEALERS**

Mme, Don Ton

For a little girl from Odessa, Edith Gregor Halpert, now 64, has done pretty well for herself. Monet once kissed her on the cheek. The great Paris dealer Ambroise Vollard whispered the secrets of his success in her ear. John D. Rockefeller Jr. objected to the funnylooking American folk art that she sold his wife. Eventually it helped to furnish Williamsburg.

Spirited as a suffragette, Edith Halpert helped make U.S. art dealing truly coed. The Russians recall her, when she was curator of the 1959 American National Exhibition in Moscow, as the woman who told off President Eisenhower when he implied criticism of the show's modern look. The French respect her as Mme. Don Ton, for her gallery's name. Downtown, although it has been located in mid-Manhattan since 1940

Thirteenth Street Promotion, Always precocious. Edith was 14 when she enrolled in Manhattan's National Academy of Design, began haunting Alfred Stieglitz' Intimate Gallery. On a trip to Paris, with her late husband, painter Samuel Halpert, she concluded that European artists had more money and respect than U.S. ones. A year later in 1926 she founded a gallery on 13th Street to help promote contemporary U.S. art.

Mrs. Halpert married living painting with her second great love-American folk art-to show "a kinship and a source" for contemporary art. She came back from cash-and-carry raids into the countryside with her Hupmobile limousine loaded down with Americana. Then she showed it alongside her Yasuo Kuniyoshis, Elie Nadelmans and Marsden Hartleys. The folk art sold itself and helped sell modern work. In fact, Mrs. Halpert's first sale was pure Americana curio-a chalk mantel stop, used to hold down lace mantel coverings.

Magnificent Mixture, Now, 38 years later, widowed and childless, she plans to pass on her modern collection of 150 lovingly gathered paintings and sculptures (valued at \$500,000) to the Corcoran Gallery-already well stocked in 19th century U.S. artists and The Eight-in Washington, D.C.

We're one of the few countries that do not have a gallery of national art in their capital," says Mrs. Halpert, Her remedy is a magnificent mixture (see color pages) of Marin, Sheeler, Davis, Demuth, Jack Levine, Ben Shahn, William Zorach, Max Weberall at one time shown in her gallery -and dozens more. Yet she refuses to let the Corcoran label her bequest as the Halpert Collection, because she hopes to persuade others to give works. "There are lots of gaps," says she. "You see, I've only bought the things I've loved." Her love has hardly

### gone astray. Time of the Assassins

EDITH HALPERT The remedy was a gift of love.

### **ARCHITECTURE**

Airborne Museum

There are museums for just about everything these days, from insects to reconstructed New England whaling ports. For pure magnitude, nothing matches the problems of a museum for the aerospace age. When the private Air Force Museum Foundation approached Kevin Roche, 42, a partner in Eero Saarinen & Associates, to build a new museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio, they wanted a structure in which the tenengine B-36 jet and pusher-prop driven bomber, largest plane ever used operationally, would look right at home. The solution, revealed last week, was

space itself. Architect Roche designed a soaring, wedge-shaped shed (estimated cost: \$10 million) that will shelter eight acres of exhibits. The roof is made of an interlace of cables covered with a steel deck, and hangs off steel pylons at the four corners. Says Roche: "It's as if you roofed over three-and-a-half city blocks at the 12-story level. Visitors will enter the low, narrow

end of the museum after walking down a quarter-mile ramp. Up to that point, the museum's massiveness is masked by giant earthen embankments. Then, beginning with the Wright Brothers' flyer. visitors progress historically past World War I Jennys to more than 80 types of aircraft famed in military aviation. The winged exhibits, designed by Herb Rosenthal & Associates, sit on various levels more like discoveries than displays. The sparrowlike Spads of the Lafayette Escadrille will be shaded under Roche's giant hangar along with the B-52, B-58 and the advanced Lockheed A-11

Like flying itself, the ceiling soars and spreads steadily upward until it terminates in one giant span, 130 feet high and more than two football fields in length. Beyond is a gigantic, 12-acre forecourt filled with the newest rockets and aircraft opening directly onto Wright-Patterson's runways. Said one awed spectator, as he looked at the model last week: "It'll never get off the ground." In tribute to the architect, the museum looks as if it could.

### ARTISTS

Cartooning, says Robert Osborn, "is a nice, pleasant, enjoyable profession. Presumably this is because, before the bile can accumulate, Osborn has worked it off in a few devastating slashes of pen on paper. He got the stored-up frustrations and anger of World War II off his chest with a 1946 book War Is No

### THE HALPERT BEQUEST



JOHN MARIN'S Weehawken Sequence #7 is rare early example of artist's work at

time he was moving toward abstraction. 1903 oil shows Manhattan across Hudson.

CHARLES SHEELER'S Wind, Sea & Sail (1948) departs from artist's early precisionism, akin to magic

realism, to break down sails into lines of force and interpenetrating planes that tautly express seafaring.





STUART DAVIS' 1931 gouache is notable because it contains figures, yet retains the highly colored jigsaw pattern for which he was famed.

CHARLES DEMUTH'S Love, Love, Love was painted in 1928, shows the inheritance from U.S. precisionists to contemporary pop realists.





OSBORN'S "HOMAGE TO MEDGAR EVERS" Resentment of the destroyers.

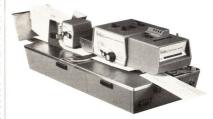
Damn Good!; his 1960 book The Vulgarians took a snickersnee to the mediocrity of mass society

But what happens when a catastrophe overwhelms the cartoonist's ability to poniard a convenient victim on pen point? In Osborn's case, the assassination of John F. Kennedy left him nearly unable to draw. After a while, the cartoonist wrote his dealer, Edith Halpert. "I began to lay down my resentment of the disordered, disoriented, dislocated, DIS JOINT ED being-not so much Oswald as against the fragmented, illogical destroyers of man's best hopes.

Few artists who have painted Kennedy subject matter in the past year have accomplished anything more than timeliness. Social realism hardly makes the convincing picture that it did in the 1930s. But through Osborn's 27 chalk, collage and charcoal drawings in Manhattan's Downtown Gallery runs a brooding fury that links the cartoonist with the socially satirical art of Goya, Daumier and Ben Shahn. Side by side with looming figures symbolizing naked. illogical violence are Osborn's equally savage commentaries on the other nameless assassins responsible for the murders of Lieut. Colonel Lemuel Penn and the four children dynamited in an Alabama church.

Imagery runs to bats as a hovering menace, and angry thunderheads. A repeated gesture shows man against himself, his arms raised threateningly over his own head. But Osborn's most powerful image is also the simplest. In his Homage to Medgar Evers, the Mississippi N.A.A.C.P. leader shot in the back, a human figure is recognizable in a miasma of charcoal only because one fiery tracer plunges down a pathway of death and blows out his life.

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### SHOW BUSINESS

### BROADWAY

### The Nichols Touch

The script says that when the curtain goes up the character called Harry is standing on the walkway of the Brooklyn Bridge looking suicidal. He removes his coat. A friend he hasn't seen for 15 years comes up to him just then. He quickly puts the coat back on.

As the actual play-Broadway's new smash comedy Luv-begins, Harry is up on the railing of the bridge, teetering and ready to jump. When his old friend walks up to him and says, "Is it? -No! Harry Berlin! . . . How've you



"LUV'S" DIRECTOR & CAST "I don't believe it, but try it."

been doing, Harry?" the emphatic incongruity of the moment touches off a wave of mad laughter. The tone of the play has been perfectly set. Happened In, It was Mike Nichols,

the director, who put Harry up on the railing. Nichols deals in exaggerated probabilities, and his touch has made hits of all three plays he has directed so far-The Knack, Barefoot in the Park and Luv. He may be one of the more gifted and promising new directors to take his place in the American theater since Elia Kazan left Constantinople. A Nichols play is a busy, gymnastic

comedy of the absurd. Characters grunt and wheeze, climb stairs, assemble rusty iron beds, ride motor scooters, lose their pants, leap off bridges, throw knives. But the procession of sight gags only emphasizes the drift of the dialogue, supporting and not replacing the language of the playwright. As he approaches character from several directions, Nichols apparently feels particularly comfortable in a tenor of intelligent slapstick.

Nichols developed his sure eye and ear for comedy honestly. In partnership with Elaine May, he emerged as one of the outstanding comedians of his time. The improvisations he has long done with her are of the same fabric as his work as a director. Their old act continues-TV appearances, occasional concert performances-but both Nichols and May are expanding in their individual directions. Elaine is at work on her second play. Mike, who last year just happened into the Barefoot job at the suggestion of Producer Saint-Subber, says that "as soon as I started rehearsals, I knew I would never want to do anything else.

Cohesive Movement, Now 33, Nichols is the sort of director whom most writers and actors only meet when they are asleep and dreaming. Actors agree he is their ideal one-man audience. He sits in rehearsals and howls and chuckles until the actors get delusions and stare across the footlights at 1,500 Mike Nicholses. He lets them invent and improvise on their own. When in doubt he says, "I don't believe it, but try it.

He has guiding precepts. laughs go and play the people," he says. When he makes a mistake, he is the first to acknowledge it. "Mike is the best director I've ever worked with, and that includes Gielgud and Peter Brook," says Brian Bedford of The Knack, "Mike has the patience to wait until the part slowly emerges. I'm sure he does guide you, but so subtly you think everything comes from within yourself.

Nichols is particularly close with his playwrights. He insists that they be at rehearsals at all times. "The author should be your ally," he says. "You should be whomping away at the play together," Murray Schisgal, author of Luv, puts his debt to Nichols in one short and generous sentence. "Mike's contribution," he says, "has been equal to my own in making my play work." Mike's contribution was considerable. Borrowing a moment from Tea and Sympathy, for example, he achieved the evening's most uproarious moment by having his heroine take the hand of her shy and inhibited hero and iam it inside her mink coat. With splendid originality, he had two characters walk offstage during one long talky interchange, then reappear, still talking, thus creating a sense of a conversation that had been going on for at least 200 years. "But Mike's main contribution, more important than those bits, was his sense of comedic values," says Schisgal, "He knew how to integrate the work of the three actors, how to move the play along and yet keep it cohesive."

Unlikely Wish. In Barefoot rehearsals last year, Nichols played Alphonse to Playwright Neil Simon's Gaston. "Let me restage it," Nichols would say when they hit a foggy patch. "No. let me rewrite it," Simon would insist. Next month Simon and Nichols will be working together again, on Simon's new play The Odd Couple, which will star Art Carney and Walter Matthau, "It's about two guys who are having trouble with their wives," says Nichols. "You never see the wives; you just see the

other girls, just like in real life. When he finishes that one, Nichols is going to direct a couple of movies, The Public Eye for Universal and The Graduates for Joe Levine. He never wants to give up directing plays on the stage, and he has ideas he would like to implement. He thinks Samuel Beckett, for example, is a great comic playwright who is too often treated solemnly and reverentially. "Endgame," he says, "is a fall-down laugh riot," and he would like to prove it. But if he is ambitious, he also has a sense of limit. "The theater properly belongs to the playwright," he says. "A good theatrical director is one who gives the playwright what he deserves. In fact, I get a little edgy at theatrical directors being too celebrated, and I hope it stops with me soon." He is unlikely to get that wish.

### SINGERS

### She Who Is Ella

"Ella," says her manager offhandedly, "Drake Brown is in the audience tonight. "Who?"

"Drake Brown. You mean you've never seen his picture in the papers? Ella Fitzgerald tenses fearfully when

she hears this. The most popular jazz singer in the world for 27 years and only now reaching the peak of her career, she remains a celebrity fan nonpareil. So out on the stage she goes and sings her heart out to impress Drake Brown, It is unimportant that Drake Brown does not exist. In jazz the end justifies the means,

Lower Owl, Upper Sparrow, Last week, in a new and stunning blonde wig, she was at her greatest in the pink and purple Flamingo Room at Las Vegas, appearing before a mass of abnormally hushed conventioneers, all of whom were in the palm of her hand. Ella is 46 now. Countless other singers have entered and left the scene during the span of Ella's career. A British magazine recently conducted a poll to determine the second best female singer; it was understood that the first was Ella. As a true jazz musician, she has never sung a song twice the same way. She still makes her old classics like How High the Moon sound fresh and new, and in recent years she has reached out to include anthologies of Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Rodgers and Hart, Irving Berlin, and George Gershwin.

Her incredible improvising runs are effortless. She can take off from a melody, go over it, around it, through it, under it, moving at twice the speed of nine-to-five Man, tossing in casual doo-

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**Secret thoughts** of a psychoanalyst

"...something\* tells me he doesn't need me any more."

> The "something" is White Horse Scotch. People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five over reaches America. A sobering thought,

dles in the abstract expressionism of sound. When other singers' jugulars would be bulging, Ella isn't even panting. She seems to breathe through her ears. Her range goes from lower owl to upper sparrow. Her voice sounds all of 20 years old. Her manner, for all her speed, is soothing. Just when you think she might be turning into Bonnie Baker, however, she kicks the lid off and begins to scat: "Scoodee-oo-da-do-dee-uba-ty-ty-ta-roo."

She is the chair professor of the art of scat singing, wherein a singer abandons comprehensible lyrics in the middle of a song, and she can scoodee-ooda for 800 bars without running out of fresh gibberish. For added sparks, she tosses in little shards of the classics, such as, say, a bit of the William Tell Overture. Then suddenly she turns to a robust fragment of Did You Ever See a

FITZGERALD Scoodee-oo-da, with integrity.

Dream Walking, only to return quickly to the riverbed of perickety-bip-delipdeluda-bry-bry-kanoo But play as she will with the originals,

she respects their integrity, if they have any. Her imitators shred songs; she explodes and reassembles them. Much of her genius in performance may arise from her ability to write songs as well as sing them. She made her name, after all, when she wrote A-Tisket A-Tasket in 1938, turning a nursery rhyme into the No. 1 tune in the nation.

Ringo Way. Born in Newport News. Va., orphaned and raised by an aunt in Yonkers, Ella Fitzgerald in her early days was a skinny girl, but over the years her stature grew in both senses. She is supersensitive about her weight, and understandably cried through the night once when-after she had performed with another heavy singer-a critic wrote: "Last night the stage contained 600 lbs. of pure talent." The



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Citizens' Band Communicators with powerful AM Radios. Again, a range of up to 5 miles (depending on terrain, of course) and 100 hours of operation on 8 "AA" penlight batteries. This time, with powerful AM radios in each. Plus 54" antennas, cases, strans and earphone jack.



lett and right to underscore her song. Ella is a hypo-millionairess now, can afford a Don Loper wardrobe, and endlessly redecorates her house in Beverly Hills. She is also kind, thoughtful, and paintfully unsure of herself. She spends apartitully unsure of herself. She spends television or writing new songs. She has just written one in homage to Kingo Starr, the Beatle: Don't knock the rhythm of the kids

today; Remember they're playing the Ringo

Once married for four years to Bass Player Ray Brown, Ella has a son.

Ray Jr., who plays football and baskethall for Hollywood High School and is a drummer in a combo as wellshe herself was educated only through her deeply by imitating her weak grammar or by ascribing to her an accent she does not have. The mere mention of a high school dropout will start her lecturing: "You never know, one for the money or means to finish."

the money or means to finish.

She is pleasantly informal, but she does have her formal side. "It used to bother me when people I didn't know came up and called me Ella," she says. "It seemed to me they should say 'Miss Fitzgerald,' but somehow they never do." Perhaps this is because there are several million Fitzgeralds but only one Ella.

### MILESTONES

Born, To Robert Goulet, 31, the allmail Lancelot in Broadway's Camelot currently swoon-crooning on the nightclub circuit; and Carol Lawrence, 30, West Side Story's Maria: their first child, a son; in Manhattan.

Born. To Felisberto Mutangua, 36, Arican vegetable farmer, and Clara Bulane Mutangua, 32: quintuplets, four boys and a grif weights ranging from 2 lbs, 12 oz. to 3 lbs, 5 oz.), dubiling the size of their brood, in Inhambure, Mozambique. Four days after birth Mozambique. Four days after birth Mozambique. Four days after birth 212-mile ambulance ride along bumpy roads to a hospital in Lourenço Marques, thus wastly improving their chance to become history's fifth set of quints to survive.

Morried. Elke Sommer, 24, Germany's blonde, bubbly nomination as the next Marilyn Monroe, best displayed as a sometime nudist in Peter Sellers' A Shot in the Dark; and Joe Hyams, 40, freelance writer, onetime movieland columnist for the New York Herald Tribune; he for the second time; in a civil ceremony in Las Vegas.

Morried. George Pember Darwin, 36, researcher for a London electronics company, great-grandson of Evolution-ist Charles Darwin; and Angela Huxley, 24, niece of the late Author Aldous and great-granddaughter of Biologist Thomas Huxley, foremost champion of Darwin's The Origin of Species; in an Anglican ceremony; in London.

Divoreed. By Ethel Merman, 55, klaxon-voiced musicomedienne (679-59): Ernest Borgnine, 47, dough-faced TV and screen star (McHale's Navy, Mary), her fourth husband, whom she married June 27 declaring Tve never been in love, really in love, before<sup>27</sup> on grounds of extreme mental cruelty (she complained that Ernie refused to

fire his 60-year-old maid, saying, "If you don't like my mode of living, you can lump it"); in Santa Monica.

Died. Donald Culross Peatitie, 66, poet, author and naturalist, who in more than 25 lyrical books (An Almane for Moderns, A Cup, of 5ky) gave new voice to Thoreau's idea that man reaches spiritual fulliflment only through contact with nature, saying that "it cuches a man that his blood that "it cuches a man that his blood he who goes in no consciousness of these facts is without a home or any contact with reality"; of a heart attack; in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Died, Henri Pigozzi, 66, founder and recently retired chairman of France's Simca, an Italian-born onetime Fiai salesman who set up his own factory in France in 1934, went on to become the enjant retrible of the French auto industry by taking over third place (behind Renault and Citroelin) with his bargain-priced (\$1,200) Aronde sedan, by forbidding his workers to join with Ford's French subsidiary in 1954 and subsequently seelling the controlling interest to Chrysler in 1963; of a heart attack; in Neullly-sur-Seine, France.

Died John Tasker Howard, 73, his torian and sympathetic critic of home grown music (Our American Music), whose biography, Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour, mined such nuggets as the fact that the No. 1 composer of fireside favorites got only \$15 for Source River, a name he picked from "way down upon de Pedec ribber"; in West Orange, NJ.

Died. Roy Howard, 81, editorial and financial genius behind Scripps-Howard's 17 newspapers; of a heart attack; in Manhattan (see PRESS).

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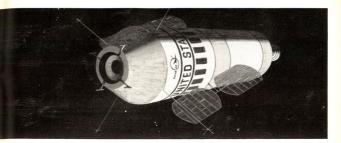
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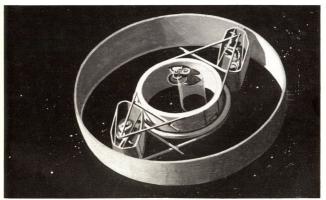
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IN THE AIR OR OUTER SPACE

DOUGLAS GETS THINGS DONE!

### U.S. BUSINESS

### CORPORATIONS

### The Master Technicians

(See Cover)

Along the banks of the meandering Brandywine River, set on a bluff that overlooks nearby Wilmington, stands a cluster of buildings whose occupants are true men of mystery. Many of them work in perpetual semidarkness and otherwise the second of the second

enclave. The aura of the place is one of

uncertainty, as if no one quite knows

what will happen next. No one does

know. That is what makes the Experi-

covery that has stirred up competitors and delighted Wall Street.

Windfall, Last week Du Pont created a stock market flurry by freeing itself of a possession that has proved a distinctly mixed blessing. Meeting in the company's 13-story, Victorian-style headquarters in Wilmington, the directors decided to distribute the final one-third of Du Pont's 63 million shares of General Motors stock among its own shareholders early next year. The directors thus complied with a 1957 U.S. Supreme Court ruling that held that Du Pont's ownership of G.M. stock violated the anti-trust laws. Getting rid of the shares under a court order, Du Pont has already given its stockholders .86 share of G.M. for every share of Du Pont

upward trend is almost certain to continue. Recently the company has:

▶ Invaded the \$5 billion-a-year footwear business with Corfam, a leather substitute that looks, feels and "breathes" like leather and could cut into the natural leather market the way nylon slashed into silk.

Developed an anti-flu pill named Symmetre (the company calls it "the first oral anti-viral drug"), which is agitating the highly profitable pharmaceutical industry and could, with the Food and Drug Administration's expected approval, provide a whole new field for Du Pont.

▶ Received its first eight patents on a new photographic process that produces positive images on film without



"It's fascinating to speculate on the impact the things you make have on society."

L. du Pont de held, is due to divest itself by February an negative—an

mental Station of E. I. du Pont de Nemours one of the world's most exciting places in which to work.

Du Pont has become the world's largest chemical company by creating an atmosphere in which surprises are especially likely to occur. In the Experimental Station and dozens of other Du Pont laboratories across the U.S., scientists are exploring the mysteries that teased Aristotle, baffled Francis Bacon and inspired the ancient alchemists to try, as John Milton put it, "to turn metals of drossiest ore to perfeet gold." The alchemists never succeeded in making gold, but Du Pont's button-down chemists are doing something nearly as good. By rearranging the molecules of thin air, plain water, grimy coal and crude oil, they are not only transforming and enriching the fabric of daily life but laying the foundations for new industries. Lately they have been so successful that Du Pont, the oldest big name in U.S. business, is entering a new era of change and disof all its G.M. stock, most of which it bought as an investment between 1917 and 1935 for \$130 million (present worth: \$6 billion).

The prospect of pocketing another one-half G.M. share attracted so many buyers to Du Pont that the company's stock made one of its sharpest singleweek gains in recent years before giving way to profit taking. The happy windfall for shareholders will deprive Du Pont of a rich lode of dividends that in the past has provided one-third of its earnings. For almost any other company, this loss of earning power would have been a severe blow. But Du Pont's profits from chemicals alone have been rising so rapidly that its profit margin is among the dozen highest in the nation's 500 biggest companies. counting its G.M. dividends, Du Pont earned \$325 million last year on sales of \$2.6 billion. Most important, Du Pont is so busy challenging the market with new products and ideas that the

a negative—an innovation potentially as important as the Polaroid process —and announced plans to introduce a Du Pont color film for home movies.

▶ Brought out an unusually versatile place and make either hard or soft, transparent or opaque, thick or thin simply by jiggering its ion content; it will be used in such varied products as packaging film, pipes, costume jewelry.

Embarked on an expansion project to enlarge its eight big textile plants and to launch a full-scale assault on foreign markets, where Du Pont is building seven new factories to take advantage of profits and growth rates generally twice as high as those in the U.S.

Operating from a provincial company town in the nation's second smallest state, Du Pont has not only brought all this—and much else—to pass, but yearly piles more millions onto one of the greatest and most enduring U.S. family fortunes—a fortune that now amounts to 33 billion, give or take a few hundred million. Of the 1,500 living Du Ponts, 27 occupy executive positions in the company and more than 150 have sizable stakes in it. The Du Ponts turn out so many goods in so many places that their influence is even greater than their income. In 129 plants stretching across 28 states and 16 foreign countries, they make no fewer than 20,000 separate items.

Watch Those Eggs. The man appointed by fate, birth and the close councils of the family to lead Du Pont is a shy introvert named Lammot du Pont Copeland. A great-great-grandson of Founder Eleuthère Irénée du Pont, Copeland, 59, shows many of the family characteristics. He lives in a baronial style that has almost disappeared from the U.S., yet works in an unpretentious office whose door bears neither his name nor title. From his late mother and her three brothers-Pierre, Irénée and Lammot du Pont-he inherited not only a prominent nose and poor hearing (he sometimes turns off his hearing aid when bored) but most of his 195,-737 shares of Du Pont and 249,694 shares of Christiana Securities, the family-run holding company that in turn has 29% of Du Pont stock. These two investments alone are worth \$114 million to Copeland, who made a paper profit of \$3,500,000 in one week recently when Du Pont stock jumped 18 points (it is now selling at 2312)

Besides being the largest single owner of Du Pont and one of the frichest men in America, Copeland is also a chemist and a financial expert who be-"Put all your eggs in one basket, and watch them." Fiercely loyal to the closely woven clan and its company, Copeland believes, in the best big-basitot do a great deal more than make money for its 240,000 stockholders. As he sees it, the firm that his family founded needs to set the pace for othfounded needs to set the pace for othspeculate on the impact the things you

make have on society."
Subtly or dramatically, Du Pont has
made a considerable impact on the nation's language and life. Besides nylon,
Dacron and cellophane, the firm has
contributed a whole lexicon of names,
many of which sound like something
dons his suit of orton and his socks of
Spandex in the morning, his wife may
be wriggling into a Lycra girdle, an
Antron slip, Cantroce hose—or the
Warner "Body stocking." a new fashion

rage made of Du Ponf's stretch nylon. The family's clothes are probably dry-cleaned with Du Pont Perclenc, waterproofed with Zelan, bleached with Oxone. Their food comes in packached with Oxone. Their food comes in packached with and wrapped in Mylar, stored in a roon a greaceless griddle coated with Teflon. Their car may be finished with Lucite, their furniture lacquered with TefDuco, their house color-coated and waterproofed with Tedlar, their crab grass killed with Oust.

Struggling to Crack. Copeland is guiding his company into the creation yet newer products under the spur of the sharpest and most sophisticated competition in the chemical industry's history. The glamorous growth of the industry-it has expanded 126% in the last decade and is growing more than twice as fast as all U.S. industry—has lured so many newcomers into the field that nearly half the nation's 500 biggest manufacturing companies now make chemicals, including such unlikely firms as General Foods and National Distillers. Though Du Pont is far ahead of its closest competitors. Union Carbide (1963 sales: \$805 million) and Monsanto (\$586 million), the \$35 billion-a-year business is so broad and crowded that Du Pont accounts for only 71% of it. The company might like to have a larger share, but U.S. trustbusters, who have made Du Pont a prime target for half a century, have ruled out practically any expansion through merger.

infough interger. Infough interger in the property of the prop

Freedom to Explore. Though the U.S. has had a chemical industry ever since John Winthrop's firm started turning out saltpeter 15 years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, half of today's chemical products have been developed since 1950. With so many new firms in the field, all struggling to crack or duplicate their competitors' secret formulas, no company can count on holding on very long to exclusive markets for the products that it invents. Du Pont had nylon all to itself for 14 years, but its period of exclusivity shrank to ten years for Dacron, four years for orlon-and is diminishing fast.

To keep pace, Du Pont's scientists have made themselves into the industry's master technicians. The Du Pont clan has never forgotten that the key to its 162-year success has been its high its ability to create the atmosphere for discovery. Says President Copeland: "We have never treated scientists as crazy, long-haired guys in the back room." On the contrary, five of the off its twelve general managers hold doctorates in science and engineering.

The company's 4,000 scientists are given broad freedom to explore the bluest yonders of research, have a budget of \$58 million a year for "pioneer-



MAKING DACRON FIBER



SHOWING OFF BODY STOCKING



TESTING SURLYN FILM
Thanks to air and grimy coal.



GREENEWALT & COPELAND But no lemon wedges for the shrimp cocktail.

ing" research alone. Top technicians enjoy as much prestige as managers do, but none of the administrative burdens: some of them are not given any company assignments at all, but experiment with anything that interests them. Says Du Pont Engineer Nathaniel Wyeth. brother of Painter Andrew Wyeth: "I spend 30% of my time not in a lab but in my office, often just thinking.

The company's scientists win 600 to 700 patents a year and turn over all their patent rights to the company, as is standard practice throughout industry. But Du Pont encourages its scientists by letting them share in the profits of their inventiveness. Through a special bonus system, more generous than in most other companies, it yearly pays upwards of \$50,000 each to several scientists, and over the years it has made millionaires of many of them.

From the company's viewpoint, the trick is not so much to invent something as to find practical uses for it. When Du Pont developed its new plastic, Surlyn, one customer cracked: "You've got the world's greatest answer. Now start looking for questions." Whenever one of its scientists does find a genie in a bottle, the company is quick to commit everything to exploit it: more scientists, plants, funds-and, importantly, more time and patience-than

any other company.

Like the Daily Double. These elements have been enough to bring Du Pont many a windfall. They came together, for example, in a narrow darkroom in the industrial area of Parlin, N.J., where Physicist R. Kingsley Blake produced Du Pont's new no-negative photographic film. Blake started out by simply trying to untangle a peculiar phenomenon that he had been observing for a few months: faint positive images that unaccountably appeared on sheets of film. He was sure that the reaction was caused by any one of countless chemicals in his photo lab-but which one? Working day and night under the red darkroom lights, he dabbled with hundreds of dyes and compounds. Finally, on Dec. 7, 1961, he reached up among the rows of bottles and picked a rarely used mixture called mercaptan 1-phenyl-5-mercaptotetrazole. When he swabbed the mixture on the film and then developed it, recalls Blake, "it was like going to the race track and hitting the daily double." The payoff: a major advance in photography.

Blake's chief immediately got on the phone to Wilmington and won approval for a new, expanded lab budget. Five researchers explored more than 6,000 detailed technical references before concluding that "Blake's Effect" really meant a fresh and important development: a film that directly produces a positive image, doing away with the traditional steps of making a negative and printing a positive. When the specially coated film is exposed to light, certain parts of its emulsion are broken down in a process so mysterious that scientists themselves are a bit baffled. The film can then be developed much more simply and rapidly than ordinary film through immersion in a hypo solution, which dissolves some of the exposed parts to produce a positive; on the other hand, nothing is dissolved when ordinary film is developed, and its exposed parts become black to form a

negative. The film is not yet as fast as conventional film, and Du Pont will sell it initially to industry for use in making mats and plates for printing, and for reproducing engineering drawings. But the company does not rule out the creation of a huge market among amateur photographers. Says Research Chemist Dean White: "If we can lick the speed problem, we will be able to treat a paper base with this emulsion and produce a direct print on paper. Then we would be competitive with Polaroid."

Testing Prisoners, Like other explorers. Du Pont's chemists often discover not what they had set out to find but

something far more intriguing. One notable case is the company's new antivirus drug, Symmetrel, which derives from a compound of organic chemicals that has a uniquely diamond-shaped molecular structure and is called adamantane. First formulated by a pair of Yugoslav scientists in 1941, adamantane had long been a laboratory curiosity around the world-because of its unusual structure-when Du Pont asked its men to search out uses for it. Looking for a veterinary medicine that might work against viruses in animals, Du Pont scientists in the late 1950s tested some 20,000 compounds. One of the compounds based on the adamantane molecule showed promise, not only for animals but also for humans. In 1959 two Du Pont chemists reijggered the molecular structure of adamantane a bit and developed a new compound, known as EXP-105-1. Scientists then began running tests on 6,000 mice a week, spraying their noses to fill their lungs with fatal doses of viruses. The

compound raised the mice's resistance. In 1962 the scientists got permission from the Food and Drug Administration to test the drug on humans, found after tests on volunteers (including 850 inmates at a prison in Holmesburg, Pa.) that those who took pills made of the compound were much less likely than others to succumb to Asian flu, Conclusion: the drug does not kill the virus but inhibits its multiplication by preventing it from entering the cells of the body. Since scientists until recently considered an anti-virus drug a medical impossibility, the new Du Pont drug has revolutionary possibilities and may lead Du Pont into an area it has never before tried. Copeland, for one, has special reason to be pleased: 20 years ago he proposed in writing that Du Pont turn its enormous research potential to the drug business, "The pharmaceutical companies have been queuing up at our door seeking rights to manufacture or sell Symmetrel," says he, "but we're

going to market it ourselves. Shoes for Orphans, Copeland has even higher hopes for Corfam. The product of 30 years of research and \$30 million, it is different from any previous synthetic-the first leather substitute that is truly waterproof, shaperetaining, scuff-resistant, porous and long-lasting. Since leather is a remarkably complex material much like human skin, creating the substitute has taken longer and cost more than Du Pont expected when it set out on its search. Corfam is a complicated combination of several synthetics with seemingly opposite properties: tight on the outside, loose on the inside and

porous throughout. The scientists at Du Pont's Experimental Station first found a way to duplicate leather's "breathability" by impregnating plastic material with threadlike fibers-and then dissolving the fibers. Then, as is its habit, Du Pont generated an internal competition by pitting two of its departments against each other in a battle that raged for two years amid warlike secrecy. In 1955 the fabrics and finishes department devised a mixture of tough polyurethane and resilient polyester fibers that most suitably duplicated leather's qualities. Du Pon's top-strategy Executive Committee gave the go-ahead for what was to be named Corfam.

Du Pont showed as much savvy in testing and introducing Corfam as it did in developing it. First it piqued the curiosity of shoe manufacturers by sending them sample batches to make into test shoes. Du Pont inspectors went along and swept up the scraps to prevent them from falling into the hands of industrial spies. Then, to catch and correct such bugs as cracking and stiffness, the firm gave away thousands of shoes to people who would give them a hard-wearing test, notably orphans in institutions, mailmen and its own salesmen and executives-including Copeland, who still wears Corfam shoes.

The company decided to create an aura of luxury around the new synthetic by initially making it scarce and as costly as top-quality leather: prices for most of the shoes now range from \$20 up, but Corfam may also appear in less expensive shoes in the spring. The public's response, despite the high prices and limited styles so far, has surprised even Du Pont. Corfam shoes are being turned out by 45 major shoemakers and stores are heavily reordering. Already 700,000 customers have bought the shoes; Du Pont hopes that Corfam in 20 years will win 25% of the U.S. shoe market, which now amounts to 610 million pairs a year.

Mass production began this month at a new plant in Old Hickory, Tenn., and Du Pont is also building a factory in Belgium to produce Corfam for the European market. Barbed-wire fences and 24-hour guards at Old Hickory testify to Du Pont's unwillingness to share tish and-won secrets with a dozen competitors that are trying to crack the

TESTING CORFAM SHOES

synthetic-leather market. Not even the shoemakers have been allowed inside the production area, and a sign at Old Hickory announces. "Our competior is figure his own way." One reason for Du Pont's anxiety: computers that it rented from the Pentagon to calculate potential markets and profits feed back the will exceed the supply of hides by as much as 45% by 1984.

Packaging Revolution. This continuous search for products—and the tendency of one link in the chain of discovery to lead inexorably to another—runs through Du Pont's entire history and legend. Founded in 1802 by Eleuthère Irénée du Pont, a French imigrant who had studied gunpowdermaking under Lavoisier, the father of medern chemistry, the company got its and the control of the production of the production

In the 1920s the company moved to less martial fields by buying the Frenchowned rights to a transparent cellulose thought to be of small value because it broke up in water; Du Pont found a way to waterproof it, called it Cello-phane and revolutionized packaging. Du Pont's growing group of scientists followed up with a series of break-throughs: the first commercial U.S. syn-through the first commercial U.S. syn-through the properties of the commercial to the company of the company

One Way to Skin a Rabbit. Almost alone among the chiefs of billion-dollar corporations, most of whom come from middle-class backgrounds, the man who has inherited this tradition was born to

great wealth. Mother Copeland was a millionaires, father was a high officer of Du Pont for 40 years, and Lammot Copeland's playmates were mostly his moneyed cousins. From the start, but the course of the course o

Fighting down a temporary temptation to become a doctor, Copeland took a degree in industrial chemistry at Harvard ('28), then made a modest debut in the family company. He started as an expediter for small orders, but was laid off when the Depression struck. Back in the company after only four months, he began to rise with predictable speed: board member at the age of 37, then corporate secretary, chairman of the finance committee, vice president. In 1962 Crawford Greenewalt-whose wife is a Du Pont and a first cousin of Copeland's-moved to the chairmanship after 14 years as president. He advised the board that the best man to succeed him would be Copeland, Somewhat like Britain's Conservative Party, Du Pont's 30 directors seek instinctively to pick the man who can best unify them. They place a greater premium on group management than most companies do, and were impressed by Copeland's ability to lead top managers to a group decision. They took Greenewalt's advice.

In a fine distinction, Copeland is known to old family friends as "Mots" and to top business aides as "Mots." He is far from being as aggressive, outgoing and articulate as most modern executives—but, then, his role as steward of the family company does not require those qualities of him. An inside man, Copeland seldom deals with anyone below general manager, rarely meets cus-



INFECTING MICE WITH VIRUS BL
"You've got the answer. Now start looking for questions."



BLAKE WORKING ON NEW PHOTO PROCESS

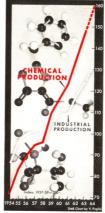
tomers or suppliers, has little contact with the chiefs of other big companies, has never spoken with President Johnson or any Administration officials. He spends full time on top policy, helping to decide which men to promote to high jobs, figuring how much to spend on each of Du Pont's major products and keeping a hard watch on the finances.

Pistols in the Basement, Like many an ancien riche, Copeland works at underplaying his wealth in public. He leaves his Cadillac at home and each morning drives himself eight miles to work in a Corvair. But his private pleasures are elegantly expensive: salmon fishing in Scotland, cattle breeding on his 3,000-acre farm in Maryland, duckshooting parties on the Chesapeake (he keeps his eye sharp on a pistol range in his basement). Copeland is also a gourmet and oenological expert who belongs to Le Tastevin, an exclusive society devoted to fine wines, and he employs a French chef who came to him from Lord Astor. He and his wife Pamela-their three children are grownlive in a 20-room, antique-filled Georgian mansion whose 300 acres are tended by 14 gardeners and protected, naturally, by Du Pont fungicide.

Copeland's hilltop estate is only one of the largest in the woodland Delaware area known as the "Du Pont Château Country," where the family's estates lock one into another to form a magnificent preserve for shooting and fox hunting. Proud of their French Huguenot ancestry, the Du Ponts have given their places such names as Montchanin, Granogue, Chevannes, Nemours, Louviers and Bois des Fossés, The houses contain the big-game trophies bagged by the family on African safaris, the pictures of such Du Pont yachts as the American Eagle (a 1964 America's Cup contender) and cups won by the family's thoroughbreds, including Mrs. Richard du Pont's Kelso.

For all of these distractions, the family's control of the business has been remarkably enlightened. Even the critics of its nepotism concede that the family shunts its mediocre members into powerless "drag" jobs. The Du Ponts motivate their hired managers to fierce loyalty by giving them uncommon amounts of power and money. To achieve the outlook and flexibility of a small company, they have broken up their firm into a dozen operating departments that are only loosely supervised from above. A department general manager is like a captain on a ship, free to chart his own course so long as he meets schedules and wins battles, and he has a broader field of command and a plumper paycheck than most company presidents-often \$250,-000. Half of the general managers control sales of more than \$100 million annually, and the one who runs the biggest department-textile fibers-is responsible for close to \$1 billion. On the lower executive echelons, Du

Pont also offers fairly handsome salaries, bonuses, and such benefits as the company-run country club for all employees chighest fee: §125 a year). By the time he is 40, the rising Du Pont executive may earn well over \$25,000, enough to move to the farther-out subs, where the pond in the backyard with the second point of the pond of the backyard the pond in the backyard to the second point of the pond to the pond in the backyard to the pond of the pon



—and what they do not control in Delaware they decidedly influence.

Copeland himself last year earned \$349,846 in salary and bonus-a sum that pales in comparison with the \$3,400,000 he collected in dividends on his Du Pont and Christiana shares. But the statistic that he watches most closely is Du Pont's profit as a percentage of invested capital. The company always aims for a 10% return on investment, usually comes close to achieving it. This year the figure has risen somewhat above the 8.6% of 1963, but the gain is not enough to satisfy Copeland, despite Du Pont's rising sales. Says he: "When you get to the point where sales are rated above profits, that's not business-that's bureaucracy." To heln reach its profit goal, Du Pont is capable of counting its pennies very closely: a few years back, it even adopted a cost-squeezing suggestion to remove the lemon wedges from the shrimp cocktails served at the company-owned Hotel Du Pont. Saving: \$200 a year.

Extending Life. Its search for higher profits has led Du Pont to look, with new interest on the consumer field, to which it now selfs only 5% of its produets directly. The company is speeding up development of consumer products, such as its recently introduced electric products, and would like to expand combinesh, and would like to expand combinesh, and would like to expand to produce the companion of the comting products and the products. But Donot's strength for the foresceable future will continue to be as a wholesaler to U.S. industries of the secrets

it unlocks in the laboratory Just what wonders Du Pont will uncork next is hard to forecast, if only because the company's compass is so wide. Du Pont's chemists-like their colleagues throughout the chemical industry-never stop asking questions: How can electricity be transmitted without causing heat, what makes plants flower when and how they do, what are some new commercial possibilities of magnetism? Along the way, the perpetual search produces so many new products and processes that Du Pont is hardpressed to find names for all of them, has called upon a computer to assemble 153,000 possible two- and three-syllable "nonsense" words that mean nothing in English. A while ago the company gave one product a name that means enema in Swedish, but human employees discovered the computer's whimsy and the name was changed.

What the chemists foresee is more and faster technological development. The conquest of space has opened up huge new possibilities for the industry, which is already deeply involved in creating the technology that will push that conquest further. In the not very distant future, the chemists expect to produce clothes that last a lifetime, auto oil that never needs to be changed, paints that never chip or wear, fertilizer that stays potent for several years. Their labs are already at work on chemicals that enable crops to resist frost and drought, preservatives that keep food fresh for years without chilling, plastics tougher than steel, atomic automobiles. pills that prevent all infectious diseases and other pills that hold back old age by slowing the degenerative processes of the human body.

Where Ponce de Leon failed, the chemists may succeed. What they are doing is enough to give pause to the philosophers and make theologians nervous: some chemists are experimenting with compounds to change the human temperament, making the phlegmatic man more personable, and others are progressing rapidly toward discovery of the chemical bases of life as a prelude to reproducing living organisms in the test tube. Having started out to duplicate the products of raw nature, the chemists have gone nature one better. They are reversing and revising the natural processes, turning out products that have existed nowhere before except in man's fertile imagination

### STOCKBROKER TO KNOW



Albert Parti, joined Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis in 1946 and became a pattner in 1950. In 1954 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy and served until 1957, when he rejoined the firm. A lawyer by training, he has specialized in the problems of companies wanting to rathe capital ever since he joined Paine, Webber. He has headed our Investment Banking Division since 1961. He is a direction of various companies, a member of the Board of Governors of The New York Stock Exchange and a vice-president of the Investment Bankers Association of America.

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### WORLD BUSINESS

### WORLD TRADE

Tribute to Perseverance

A luscious fresco depicting The Triumph of Verms looked down upon a group of delegates from the world's most prosperous nations as they gathered last week at Le Bocage, a lakeside villa in Geneva. The serious beginning of the Kennedy Round, after weeks and months of trial and trouble, was not exactly a triumph of love, but it was certainly a tribute to perseverance.

One by one, the representative of the Common Market, the U.S. and en other nations faced Eric Wyndham White, the British executive secretary for the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT). One by one, they presented folders bearing the all-important list of goods they wish excepted from the upcoming series of tariffc-uting talks. It was, said Wyndham White.

"a historic moment."

Cars & Food. In history's most ambitious effort to expand world trade, the Kennedy Round aims at cutting all tariffs among the 64 members of GATT up to 50% now, and eventually eliminating them entirely. Such cuts would enable consumers in each country to buy the goods of other countries-cars, foods, watches-more cheaply, and would create a sort of "One World" of trade, encouraging both political and economic cooperation around globe. Now Wyndham White and his staff of 130 experts face the arduous task of comparing and analyzing each country's list of exceptions before real negotiations can begin.

Though the lists are secret, their contents seeped out steadily. The Common Market, which had the longest list because of last-minute French pressure, wants to exclude about 20% of its industrial imports of \$20 billion yearly. Its list of exceptions included machine tools, electrical equipment, trucks, buses and even nuclear reactors-and compared poorly with the U.S. list, which totaled only 8% of dutiable imports. Britain named coal, lead and zine, plastic products and many cotton textiles in a list that covered 5% of its imports. Austria, Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland offered to slice all their tariffs in half if other nations reciprocate. And a delegate from Czechoslovakia showed up as the only Communist to offer a number of concessions that would align his country with GATT to a limited extent, thus demonstrating the shifting economic winds behind the Iron Curtain.

Form Flop. Many uncertainties still loom over the course of the talks, and the fear is general that France may yet torpedo them over the problem of common tariffs for European agriculture. That fear was heightened last week when Italy announced that it is reluctant to agree to standardize feed-grain prices before 1970 because that would inflate Italian food bills. Coming on top of the Franco-German fight over grain prices, Italy's stand made it even more unlikely that Europe can devise a common policy by mid-December, as the French demand on pain of walking out of the Kennedy Round.

### FRANCE

Higher & Higher Cuisine

Eating out in France has become a financial torment as well as an Epicurean pleasure. Restaurants tack on extra charges for everything from napkins to green vegetables, and les additions have risen higher than soufflés. Disturbed by the 9% rise in restaurant

NE VOUS !

PAYING L'ADDITION IN PARIS

Just rechristen the tournedos

prices in the last year compared with a hike in overall living costs of 2.5%. Finance Minister Valery Giscard EFs-taing has decided to broaden France's 14-month-old price-stabilization program to cover menus. Last week hard-year government inspectors set out all matter of the price stabilization proposed by the program to the price of the price of the price of the price to late-October levels. Giscard's order is primarily aimed

Oncard's order is primarily aimed at the small bistros serving husiness, and at the small bistros serving husiness, and the small bistros serving husiness, and the small bistros prices have risen as much as 50% in a year, while wholesale-food prices dimbed only 2.8%. Such flagrant paddisenchantment of many touries with disenchantment of many touries with disenchantment of many touries with the small bistro owners are nevertheless earaged at the new order prenched that there are nevertheless are nevertheless. The small bistro owners are nevertheless are never the small bistro owners are nevertheless. The small bistro owners are nevertheless are never the small bistro owners are never the small bistro owners. The small bistro owners are never the

the order: "You want to increase the price of tournedos? All you have to do is christen it 'Côte de Boeuf Henri IV' and the trick is done."

Nevertheless, the government firmly intends to maintain its ceilings, is adding a carrot to match its stick. If restaurateurs hold the line, their taxes—which of course they only pay sporadically anyway—may be scaled down from the present 8.5% of gross turnover to the 4.25% enjoyed by less artistic businesses.

### SWITZERLAND

Secrecy Is Golden

The most valuable deposit in Switzerland's bulging banks is secrecy, which the Swiss have shrewdly used to lure shy money from all over the world. Any threat to this hush-hush, confessional quality is therefore a blow at the very center of the multibillion-dollar Swiss banking industry. By the same token, a nation or group that sets out to track down the wealth of teetering tyrants or the merely discreet rich frequently looks with frustration to the Swiss banks, with their anonymous sanctuary and numbered accounts. Last week secrecy and the desire for disclosure clashed in the Swiss courts-and the Swiss banks walked away the winner.

When Mohammed Khider, the treasurer of Algeria's ruling National Liberation Front party, quarreled with Strongman Ahmed ben Bella and absconded with some \$12 million in party funds earlier this year, the Algerian government naturally turned to the Swiss banks for clues. Algerian agents went to work, soon became convinced that they had traced the missing money to four numbered accounts in Geneva's Arab Commercial Bank, which is incorporated and operating under Swiss banking laws. Algiers asked the Geneva authorities to take it from there. When Arab Bank Director Zouheir Mardam refused to disclose the identity of the four account holders, Geneva police clamped him in jail.

Last week the dapper Syrian was released after seven days behind bars and promptly announced that he would sue the canton of Geneva for \$232,000. Reason: the only circumstance in which Switzerland's strict Bank Secrey Law can be breached is in a clear case of crime, and Algeria had never bothered to formally accuse Khider of any crime; it was too proccupied with getting its

money back.

Whether Mardam will actually collect his damage award, or Ben Bella the lost money, is doubful. But the banker's release pleased the Swiss banking community. After all, if the impression got around that the legendary Swiss sock was developing holes, the new and old rich might be tempted to start taking their loot elsewhere.



Give Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.











## Special Report: This steel building is "painting" itself

You've never seen anything quite like the new Deere & Company Administrative Center near Moline, Illinois. Its steelwork is bare, unprotected from the weather . . . and it's beautiful. The steel is actually coating itself with a rich, russet patina. This would not have occurred with conventional steel. The architects, Eero Saarinen and Associates, developed the design and recommended the material after studying the unique ability of corrosion-resistant steel to protect itself against the elements.

The material selected is COR-TEN steel. Developed by U. S. Steel, COR-TEN brand was the first of the high-strength low-alloy steels. Used bare, it forms a dense, tight soide coating that doesn't flake off. The coating protects the base metal against further corrosive attack. If it is seratched,

it heals itself.

COR-TEN steel was a natural for this building. To the architect, it had a color and texture that only nature could develop. To the owner, who makes a famous line of farm and industrial tractors and equipment, it reflected the image of the company. To the maintenance-minded, nothing could have been more practical: it needs no maintenance and its appearance actually improves with age.

Columns, girders, purlins, sun shades, and exterior wall are all Cor-Ten steel, and all are welded into a single structure.

Many other architects and designers have been working with U. S. Steel on new uses of this construction material. The Midwest's tallest office building will have exposed Context and the columns and fascia plates. A number of educational buildings are being built with bare Context seel. A 350-mile-long power transmission line will use bare Context steel in the towers to eliminate maintenance. Water storage tanks, highway guardrail, and many other uses—both aesthetic and practical—are on the book.

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### THE THEATER

### The Guillotine Complex

Poor Birbs, by Jean Anouilh. A game played for real is either war or murder. In France, the game of politics is a visceral sport. Poor Bitos hinges on this sport, but American playogers may respond more to its fascinating intellectuality than to its somewhat alien passions.

Anouilh puts his characters into wigs, and they traverse the centuries back to the French Terror of 1793. The play begins ten years after the end of World War II. Maxime (Charles D. Gray), a rich aristocratic rightist, decides to hold a wig party in a Gothic catacomb of a cellar. All his guests are to come as leading figures of the Revolution. Maxime himself plays Saint-Just. Other friends play Danton, Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI ("virtually a nonspeaking role") and the Comte de Mirabeau. The butt of the party is to be Bitos (Donald Pleasence), the local deputy prosecutor. an ex-classmate of Maxime's and the son of a washerwoman. He comes as Robespierre.

Bitos commits a characteristic Jaur pas by appearing in full costume. This also attests the nature of the man, a small-minded, bloody-minded egoists, seething with inner fury and monumentally insecure, inflexible and prideful. Maxime and his friends hate Bitos for the landstein with which he is for the fanatisem with which he is crait on the fanatisem with the fanatisem with

as Bios actually becomes Robespierre.
There are tableaux of the boy being caned by a Jesuit schoolmaster for his stiff-necked pride, of Robespierre as a humorless young parliamentary Stalin outraging the more moderate Mirabeau



PLEASENCE IN "POOR BITOS"

Obsessive incorruptibility corrupts.

("You've taught me a very sad thing, which is that the Revolution could be a bore"), of Robespierre dictating new decrees of death in a last mad spasm of guillotine-hungry power.

Act III returns to the present and a Bitos, fuddled with drink, being prepared for one last humiliation. A woman who has refused Bitos' offer of marriage pities him enough to warn him to leave the house before the final indignity. Without a word of gratitude, Bitos turns on his heel with graceless implacability ("If I can ever get my own back on you all one day, you are the one I shall begin with"). This is Anouilh at his most psychologically astute, recognizing that a man may endure all sorts of barbs aimed at his social class or ideological allegiance, but that he cannot forgive a woman who rejects him for himself alone.

While the play makes Maxime and his friends as mean-spirited as Bitos, it sides somewhat with the aristocrats. Those born to power may be corrupt. Anouilh seems to argue, but they know how to rule and they can dispassionately temper justice with mercy. But the arrivistes of power, the burning incorruptible zealots like Bitos-Robespierre. pursue justice so obsessively that they end up being savagely unjust. Anouilh masterfully unfolds the psychology of the revolutionary mentality, with its abstract love of "humanity" but contempt for individual men, together with the secret snobbery of the proletarian leader who greatly prizes the good opinion of the class he wants to exterminate.

Anouilh perhaps distorts history making Robespierre mo more than Bi-tos. Allowing that the will to power may begin as a desire for social revenge, as Anouilh believes, even the monsters of history acquire the grandeur of history's stage. An evil generation of the reduced to, or explained by, the bottle from which it came. Anouilh's Robespierre lacks stee. And if men are not all black and white, it is even more than the reduced to the reduced to the reduced t

In the phenomenally difficult role of Bitos-Robespierre, Donald Pleasence is phenomenally good. He is a one-man seminar of the acting art, capturing every shading of the role from social unease to icy cruelty. He even bites his fingernalls as if dreaming of heavenly guillotines. The scrofulous bum of The Caretaker has become the holy terrorist of the French Revolution.

### Punch & Judy Revisited

The Owl and the Pussycat, by Bill Manhoff. A verbal slugfest between a man and a woman is the contemporary form of the mating dance. The man may not want to go to bed with the girl, as the hero of this play doesn't, but he realizes that it may be the only way



ALDA & SANDS IN "PUSSYCAT" Garrulity leads to bed.

to get her to shut up. Pussycat is as old as the Punch-and-Judy show and as new as Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, and the evening is filled with good, healthy, vulgar, neurotic laughter.

The pussycat (Diana Sands) is a hellcat, a down-to-dirt prostitute with a tongue of brass. The owl (Alan Alda) is more of a penguin with a hotfoot, a bookstore clerk whose bookish dignity is destined to be bruised beyond repair. As figments of their own imaginations, they conceive of themselves, respectively, as a model and a writer.

With the loneliness of a long-distance vopeur. Ald as been spying on Sandx's pay-and-playtimes through binoculors, pay-and-playtimes through binoculors from her landlord. Throws out of her apartment (the setting is San Francisco), she storms into his. After that, they fight, kiss, fight, split up, fight, make up, old the setting of th

Anything short of tiptop performances might have been the ruination of the play. Diana Sands is a flery, sexy shrew who puts plenty of lip on her English. Arms akimbo and eyes aglaze, dianterior langer hapets and the producted the plane hap the play the protoned the plane hap the play the pussyent youling along, and if Playwright Manhoff does some comic counterferting, he also mints plenty of sound money lines ("I happen to be an interterfeiting, he also mints plenty of sound money lines ("I happen to be an intermercy of what I want to do.")

Since much of the laughter excited by Pussycat is cruel, put-down humor, the why of its comic impact is almost more interesting than the how of it. Nobody much believes in love any more; Broadway has not seen an old-fashioned nonmusical love story in years. This is intimately linked to the image of the modern woman, who does not seem real, at least onstage, unless she can spar, jaw-to-jaw and eveball-to-eveball. with her man. As Ibsen would have been the first to recognize. Nora competes at home nowadays, and the doll's house is a boxing ring. It is this laughter of inner recognition that greets Pussycat. All truly modern love stories end in just one way: "They scrapped happily ever after."

# THE ROYAL TOUCH

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#### MEDICINE

#### **AWARDS**

#### A Lift from Depression

No one knows for certain whether mental illnesses are primarily the result of life experiences, or of biochemical upsets, or a combination of the two. Dr. Nathan S. Kline of New York's Rockland State Hospital was a pioneer in proving that whatever their cause. some mental illnesses can be eased by the drugs now familiarly known as tranquilizers. By 1957 Dr. Kline had won a Lasker award for his work. And in that same year, Dr. Kline convinced himself that since drugs could ease a patient out of agitated or "manic" states, there

California virologists: Italian-born Dr. Renato Dulbecco, 50, now at the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in San Diego, and Dr. (of veterinary medicine) Harry Rubin, 38, of the University of California. Starting with viruses that infect bacteria, Dr. Dulbecco went on to show the mechanism by which polyoma virus, which causes many animal cancers, infects cells. Most important was the striking and unexpected finding that the virus itself, which has nucleus of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA), does not need to multiply in order to cause cancer.

Dr. Rubin, once a postdoctoral fellow in Dr. Dulbecco's lab, worked with the Krebiozen Research Foundation. Among the grand jury's allegations: ▶ Stevan Durovic offered to make 15 grams of Krebiozen for the National Cancer Institute at \$170,000 a gram, though Krebiozen is creatine monohydrate, a common chemical costing 30e a gram-and "even if Krebiozen could be produced by the method allegedly used by Durovic, would cost [only] about \$8,000 per gram." ▶ Drs. Durovic and Ivy told the FDA

that as of 1961 a patient had been "well and free of complaints for nine years since the start of Krebiozen," when in fact the patient died of cancer in 1955. Dr. Phillips certified that a patient had died of virus pneumonia in 1953 and an autopsy had been refused, when in fact she died of cancer in 1954 and

an autopsy was performed. All the defendants pleaded not guilty.

#### METABOLIC DISORDERS The Blue-Red Test for Trouble

If a baby seems normal at birth but soon appears listless, fails to gain weight, and suffers from jaundice, vomiting and diarrhea, his mother can hardly be expected to know that he may lack the enzyme galactose-1-phosphate uridyl transferase. Neither can doctors. unless they send samples of the baby's blood and urine for time-consuming. costly lab tests. Then, if the tests show an excess of galactose (milk sugar) in the blood or urine, doctors know what the trouble is and how to remedy it. Since the baby cannot metabolize galactose to glucose, the sugar that the body burns for energy, he must be put on a special milk-free diet. Otherwise he is almost certain to develop cataracts and cirrhosis of the liver and, if he does

not die, to be mentally retarded. Last week a California researcher described a cheap test that will quickly show whether a baby has galactosemia. At the City of Hope Medical Center in Duarte, Dr. Ernest Beutler has concocted a reagent solution into which he puts a single drop of blood. The solution (which contains methylene blue) is blue. Blood from normal, healthy subjects turns it red within half an hour. But one of the 24 apparently healthy subjects whose blood Dr. Reutler tested turned out to be abnormal: she was apparently a carrier of the recessive gene for galactosemia, for her blood took an hour to turn the solution red. A drop of blood from a galactosemic baby, who has inherited a double dose of the defective genes, one from each parent, will not turn the reagent red even if blood and reagent are incubated together for hours.

Galactosemia is generally believed to be rare, and it probably is. But no one has been certain, because the tests have been so difficult. With Dr. Beutler's cheaper and simpler method many more cases of galactosemia will be found. Given a special diet, children with the disorder can develop normally.



PSYCHIATRIST KLINE



VIROLOGIST DULBECCO Productive, normal lives instead of despair and frustration.

ought to be other drugs that could ease other patients out of depressions.

Last week, for having pursued this line of reasoning to a successful conclusion, Dr. Kline, 48, won the Albert Lasker Clinical Research Award of \$10,000. His citation declared: "Literally hundreds of thousands of people are leading productive, normal lives whobut for Dr. Kline's work-would be leading lives of fruitless despair and frustration." Patients who had been in mental hospitals so long that all hope for them had been abandoned have shown marked improvement on the "psychic energizers" developed by Dr. Kline or resulting from his work.9 How many lives the drugs save among suicidal patients can never be known.

A second Lasker prize of \$10,000 was given for basic medical research. The award was divided between two

Of those most widely used, four apparently work by a double-negative action, blocking an enzyme that breaks down brain-stimulating substances: isocarboxazid (Marplan), nialamido depressant effects are imipramine (Tofranil) and amitriptyline (Elavil). All are prescription drugs, and should be taken only under close

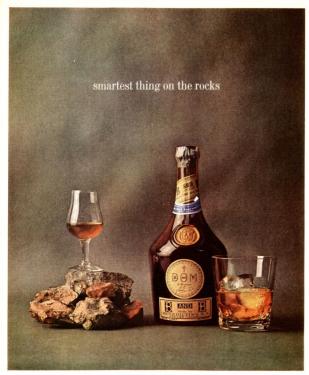
viruses that cause leukemia in fowl and have a nucleus consisting of ribonucleic acid (RNA). The work of these men, said the awards committee, "promises to contribute decisively to our eventual understanding of the nature of cancer."

#### CANCER

#### Indicting Krebiozen

After 13½ years of medical claims and counterclaims, of whodunit-style charges and countercharges, the loud controversy over the alleged anticancer drug Krebiozen seemed headed at last toward orderly disposition. A federal grand jury in Chicago handed up an 85-page indictment listing 49 counts against Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, 71, three associates and a corporation. The charges ranged from mail fraud and conspiracy to mislabeling and making false statements to Government agencies about the drug.

No fewer than 44 of the counts named Dr. Ivy himself, a noted physiologist who was formerly the University of Illinois' vice president of professional colleges. Indicted with him were: Dr. Stevan Durovic, who claimed to have first made Krebiozen in Argentina from the blood of horses; Dr. William F. P. Phillips, a general practitioner; and



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Insurance is the guarantee that lets millions of Americans pay for their homes as they live in them. This is only one of the ways insurance works to bring all of us a better life. There are many more.



#### CINEMA

#### Chip-Happy Harpy

Bay of the Angels is a flimsy French drama about a pair of roulette addicts. Amidst some properly bleak and disenchanted views of Riviera gaming rooms, Director Jacques Demy carnestly studies the squirmings of compulsive gamblers, one of whom, grâce à Dieu, is Jeanne Moreau.

The shambling plot follows a callow Parisian bank clerk (Claude Mann) who gets high on beginner's luck and decides to court Dame Fortune at the Cannes Casino. Unfortunately, he meets another dame. Moreau appears, a battered divorcee who has already sacrificed her marriage, her child, and her



MOREAU IN "ANGELS"

A sacrifice to chance.

iewels to the corruptive religion of chance. Gambling is her life, she confesses. "Nothing else gives me as much pleasure. J just need one chip to be happy." To turn her luck, the chip-happy harpy latches onto the clerk. They win big and lose big, make love, win again, go on a spending spree to Monte Carlo and try the wheel once more. Of course, the odds are against them.

But before the film whits to a muddled flat-broke flinish, Actress Moreau forcefully demonstrates the verve, style and flamboyant femaleness that make her the envy of European sex symbols much greener in years and cooler in blood. Her wicked, winning presence has saved many a bad movie from utbas as well many a bad movie from the saved many and the saved move and the saved many and

loses her train fare, she sleeps at the depot. If someone offers to share his room with her, that's all right too. "I'm here with you," she shrups. "I could be somewhere else—with my husband for livenance. I hardly know him. So what's the share that have been deposed to the such roles to an eminence they ill deserve. European directors continue to east her, in film after film, as the high prisetses of contemporary moral collapse. Too bad that a first-rate actress out of second-rate sertins.

#### Tribute to Winnie

The Finest Hours is an earnest, intelligent, generally uncritical documentary conceived as a tribute to Winston Churchill, who will be 90 on Nov. 30, Like Sir Winston's own work, and often in his own eloquent words, the film renders autobiography as history, submerging the private man in favor of the grand public figure who served his country, and his century, as First Lord of the Admiralty and Prime Minister through two world wars. "It was the nation and the race dwelling around the world that had the lion's heart," he declares. "I had the luck to be called upon to give the roar," In a masterfully edited collection of stills, family albums, grainy vintage newsreels, and sparkling new color footage. Producer Jack Le Vien (The Black Fox) shows the great events in which Churchill played so commanding a role, from his tour of duty as a young officer in India to the disastrous Dardanelles campaign of 1915, to Hitler, Dunkirk and the blitz on the road to victory in war and ultimate peaceful retirement.

The best things in The Finest Hones, however, are not the all too familiar history but the gentle, colorful, warmly intimate views of Churchil's resting intimate views of Churchil's resting the color of the color

#### Androgynous Farce

Goodbye Charlie, Debbie Reynolds wakes up screaming. And why not? She is in a man's bed, wearing a man's pajamas. When Tony Curtis strides into a man's bed, wearing a man's respectively. The conversions of proposes the properties of the conventions of proposes of the conventions of proposes of the conventions of proposes. The conventions of the proposes of the conventions of the conventions

Transmigration of souls is not the ideal raw material for a titillating com-

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(for Christmas)

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CURTIS & REYNOLDS IN "CHARLIE" Is transmigration funny?

edy, and affer the unsettling revelation of Debbie's manhood, there are few surprises and even fewer laughs in this sex seramble based on Gorge Axel-rod's Broadway flop. Charlie is a rakish with other men's wives. Sho by a jeal-ous husband (Walter Matthau), the cude the surprise of the first product of the surprise o

There's a tastelessness about it that's deadly, except perhaps to an audience of bearded ladies. Actress Reynolds, more manic than manly, spouts oddly androgynous jokes about her Jockey shorts, recalls the harem of floozies she and Tony were "making out with" not so long ago, even lewdly ogles the women in a plush beauty salon. While Tony skitters about, fighting the impulse to take his best friend in his arms and kiss him, Charlie wards off the advances of Pat Boone (sacred love) and Walter Matthau (profane). By the last reel, he/she/it has turned up in a more felicitous incarnation. Too late, though. Public apathy is apt to send Charlie off to the boneyard reserved for classic Hollywood fumbles.

#### Servant Problem

Les Abyses is drawn from a celebrated French murder case of 1933, when the french murder case of 1933, when the french as France's entry in the 1963 Cannes as France's entry in the 1963 Cannes film festival, it arrives in the US, trailing breathless encomiums from Jean-Paul Sartre ("Cimema has given us its foremost tragedy"), and Simone de Beauvoir ("One of the greatest films I have ever seen"). Since such illustrious, finely honds esnibilities are not easily

# THE FOUR DIMENSIONS OF FMC



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after shave



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ignored, the ordinary moviegoer probably ought to read what has been written about the movie instead of actually sitting through it. Only cultists will want to take the stuff straight.

Despite its ineptitude, deep within the murky horror of Les Abysevs there are glimmerings of intelligent despair. Two Malf-demented lesbain sisters folayed by real-life sisters Francine and Colette Berge), employed as housemaids on a poverty-ridden farm in the Bordeaux region, are afraid that jobs and home will be sold away by their indifferent matters. Unable to sabdage the deal, they ultimately go benerke and commit two savage murders.

Ostensibly, the girls are pitiable embodiments of evil-monsters created by



BERGE SISTERS IN "ABYSSES"

Only cultists can take it straight.

callousness, oppression, and the unnatural conditions of servitude. But Director Nico Papatakis and Scenarist Jean Vauthier twist this black theme into a cinema of absurdity that falls somewhere between the Marx Brothers and What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? In its liveliest moments, Les Abysses is unwittingly hilarious, an amateur Grand Guignol about a pair of sleazy, sullen chambermaids running amuck in Bedlam. When they are not dancing or screaming, they stab the furniture with hatpins, chip the plaster, bring in termites, pulverize the best china, wallop their mistress, throw fish at her daughter, uncork the wine vat, scrape rubbish off the floor and dump it into the master's soup. "What did you put in the closet?" asks one. "The chicken droppings," replies the sister.

By the time the girls get around to their really lethal mischief, one wielding a flat-iron, the other a kitchen knife, the audience is too sated with lunacy and violence to absorb any message—except possibly to beware of sleep-in maids.



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#### BOOKS

#### Scheherazade's Thousandth

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY by John O'Hara. 429 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

In the latest of those churlish, wistful prefaces that he has taken to writing, John O'Hara seems to be saying that he is going to quit doing short stories until he is properly thanked for his novels.



O'HARA A shaper of surfaces.

This announcement, in which one of the best U.S. authors now active contrives to sound like a ten-year-old refusing to eat his dinner, is followed by a tasteful discussion of John O'Hara's very large income. The effect is that of a wealthy car dealer boasting in the locker room of the second-best country club in Gibbsville, Pa.

Bombast aside, however, O'Hara's decision to stop writing short stories for a while seems wise. The Horse Knows the Way (the title has overtones of weariness and self-mockery) is his fourth large collection of short stories in four years. O'Hara's imagination is astonishingly agile, and his view of society and psychology is much broader than it is generally supposed to be These stories, taken by themselves, have the sting of fresh work by a fine writer. But he has written so many stories that his fresh, vigorous writing is debased by an illusion of sameness, O'Hara sketches a middle-aged couple preparing for bed after a party, seeing each other, suddenly, with sour clarity. He has used such a moment before, often enough that it seems a device. So do the working parts of other stories, even though they still work beautifully.

He is quitting—for the moment while he is still very much ahead. One of the best stories in the new collection lacks any trace of sameness. It is about the suicide of a bass-fiddle player, and with beautiful simplicity it conveys a sense of sadness and longing more intense than any work of O'Hara's since Appointment in Samarra.

Gnots & Cigar Smoke. O'Hara is right in thinking that his standing as a novelish has been misjudged. But critics have some excuse for slighting him: his last three novels have been poor. Ourselves to Know, a period piece, did not work very well; Elizabeth Appleton was insignificant; and The Big Laugh collapsed in a fososh of elderly cigar smoke.

It is generally admitted that Samarra and Butterfield 8 are brilliant, but they were done so long ago that they are no defense for their author, gnat-bitten by reviewers in middle age. What is not admitted is that A Rage to Live, Ten North Frederick and From the Terrace are excellent novels. From the Terrace. the best of the three, stands almost alone in U.S. fiction as a thoroughly successful study of a man reaching for the highest financial power. The novel is 897 pages long; it lacks drama and is built, like most lives, entirely of minutiae. It moves slowly and reaches no climax: yet at the end, when O'Hara has shown why his able, moneyed hero has lost the game of command, the reader feels strongly and unexpectedly moved.

Story & Sex. It is not hard to see why these novels were underrated. They were bestsellers, full of story and sex and the unfolding of generations: it was assumed that they must be ladies' fietium. Their author dealt with surfaces, the story of the story of the story of the school and club allegiances. He refused to psychologiez. The easy conclusion was that his work must be shallow. The fact that some of it was shallow eased erifical consciences: O'thra could be and an electric typewriter.

But what O'Hāra is trying is not easy but enormously difficult. It is to define a society by a skilled charting of its surfaces. But such surfaces, stretched across the vast unsupported span of a novel, run the risk of a complete collapse. O'Hara's successes outnumber and outweigh his collapses. His puggaand outweigh his collapses. His puggaybe read as a pledge that but will continue to take his high risks.

#### The Petty Demon

THE THIEF'S JOURNAL by Jean Genet. 268 pages. Grove. \$6.

It was Jean-Paul Sartre who canonized Jean Genel. But it was Genet himself—sodomist, petty criminal, playwright (The Blacks)—who thought up the notion that purified evil could be a kind of sainthood. His self-nomination is announced and ritually celebrated in The Thief's Journal, written in the '40s, which is just now translated and

published in the U.S. By his own lights, Genet is indeed a saint. But he is a watch-charm saint, a petty demon whose villainy is on so small a scale that its very earnestness is laughable. The crimes that this Narcissus drops like blossoms in the pool of his own image are no worse than sneak thievery and queer rolline.

The journal covers the years from 1932 to 1940 when Genet, a lazy young homosexual, ran with pimps, thieves and Foreign Legion deserters (Genet had been a legionnaire long enough to collect the enlistment money). It is a confession, but not the kind in which remorse is pretended. Genet's self-revelation is mischievous, unrepentant, and not to be trusted. Genet strokes his central paradox-that total degradation can produce spiritual exaltation-as if it were a pet cat. Speaking of his beggar's lice, he says: "Having become as useful for the knowledge of our decline as jewels for the knowledge of what is called triumph, the lice were precious.

This mechanical trick of protending that dirt is desirable and that revulsion is attraction is repeated until it is tiresome. Then Genet smiles like an urchin trying to charm a cop and admits that describing villeness "with words that describing villeness "with words that haps childish and somewhat facile." In such a way, being allowed to see that such honest admission of fraud is itself tradulent, the reader is led through the shallows of Generics soul. 'I seem' of my innocence might take shelter.'



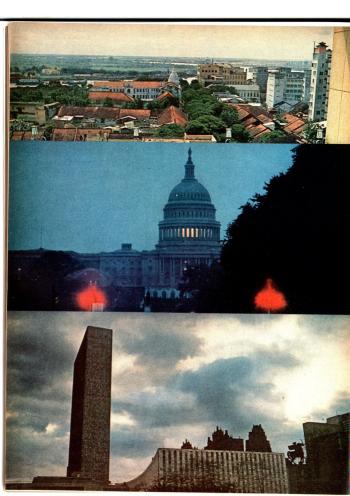
. GENET
A plunger into shallows.

he writes at one point, seeming oddly innocent.

A reader who knows Genet as an author of power and glittering malice, as he appears provocatively in *The Balcony* and shatteringly in *The Blacks*, sees him here as a lesser and more engaging writer—a strangely amiable, seedy, not-to-be-trusted guide for a morning's excursion through the cooler outer regions of hell.

# Move to the mild side





## TIME/LIFE

#### Rooftop view from Saigon; Official view from Washington; World view from New York

When Ngo Dinh Diem's government fell, more than a year ago, a TIME/LIFE News Service correspondent watched the attack on the palace from a rooftop less than 200 yards away.

Yet TIME/LIFE's Washington staff turned up the hard news of the coup itself two hours before anything could get through on the ticker from Saigon.

By the time on-the-spot reports came through, biographies of the new government members were being assembled, and the story was taking shape.

In New York, editors were getting reaction stories from the U.N. and from correspondents in other countries.

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#### The Knowing Virgin

THAT WAS YVETTE by Bettina Knapp and Myra Chipman. 380 pages. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. \$5.95.

Her décolletage was as breatheach-ing as the Grande Corniche, her hair was hennaed, her makeup stark white; her expressive arms were encased in black gloves to the knobby elbow, and from her thin, laequered lips slipped a repertory of charsons more Rabelson and the start of the



LAUTREC'S YVETTE Songs of Sodom.

As Toulouse-Lautrec's favorite model, she is still today the symbol of the gaudy decadence of the fin de siècle.

Now, in an earnest if somewhat amateurish biography, 'vette is finally portrayed in truer colors. She was nearer vestal than scarlet. As a critic noted at the time, the onstage illusion Yvette so shatteringly evoked was of knowing virginity: as stage-door admirers soon discovered, it was no illusion.

Wilde Talk, "You have the virtue of courage, my dear," explained the Hippodrome impresario who discovered her, "but in the theater one virtue has never been as handy as a couple of viese." And virtue was not her only handicap. In the day of the hourglass figure. Yvette was as bony as the Eiffel figure. The was as bony as the Eiffel Wilde, the tuglest woman in the world. Her voice was not yers shapely ei-

ther, but through intermittent recitative, consummate stagecraft, and the selection of the ablest contemporary poets as her lyricists, she convinced even a contemporary. London music critic, George Bernard Shaw, that she was "technically, highly accomplished," Among oth-



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er aficionados: Spain's King Alphonso XIII, though he laughed at all the wrong parts, and Britain's roistering King Edward VII, who saw her each summer at Marienbad at the luncheons that he reserved for the untouchables.

that he reserved for the untouchables. Her inaccessibility would not have surprised a fan-mail-writing friend who never missed her Vienna appearances—Sigmund Freud, Yvette's wastrel father descrited the family when she was 13, and she vowed to marry only a man who would "cater to my every caprice," and that's the sort of self-effacing servitor she finally wed at 32.

Yet no one seemed to satisfy Vvette, Her career was one long catfight with the critics, one tirade after another special target was the "crude, greedy" U.S. audience, though she said herself she would never have come to the States except for the money, and the money was considerable: \$16,000 a month.

Molière, Too, What gnawed most at her ego was a reviewer's remark that her stage manner would make an angel swoon, but her words would make a monkey blush. Devotting most of her at four decades to getting on the side of the angels, she scoured libraries, and chiteaux to add Crusaders' Jays and a centuries-old Vie du Christ eyele to her repertory, which she performed on academic platforms ranging from the University of Vienna to Bryn March.

versity of Vienna to Bryn Mawr.

Before she field, she had built one of
France's linest and largest (80,000) and
France's linest and largest (80,000) and
piled debts (songs, She had also compiled debts (songs, She had also compiled debts) and piled debts (songs, She had also compiled debts) and piled debts (songs) and acrobats. Writing latwith comboys and acrobats. Writing latwith comboys and acrobats. Writing latrow for late of discernment of the
Paris public, she concluded bitterly:
The been deceived, deceived! Her hair was white, and she no longer bothhair was white, and she no longer bothhair was white, and she no longer bothhair was white, and she no longer bothdays white the she died in 1944 at 79, 1944 at 79

#### The Champion Failure

HENRY ADAMS: THE MAJOR PHASE by Ernest Samuels, 687 pages, Harvard University, \$10.

"Self-depreciation has always been with the companies of the property of the companies of t

Off to Tahiti, When his wife committed suicide, Adams gave up the life in Washington where he and Marian



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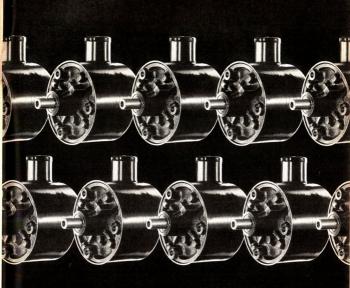
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had played host to a brilliant circle of politicians and scholars, reflecting that he had become "a sort of ugly, bloated, purplish-blue and highly venomous hairy tarantula which catches and devours Presidents, senators, diplomats, congressmen and cabinet officers." After commissioning Sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens to build a memorial to Marian in Washington's Rock Creek Park, he took off on a slow boat to the South Seas. Like any tourist, he drank in the "purple mist and soufflé" scenery. ogled the fetching island beauties. One erotic dance called for a kiss. "Mine was a good square kiss," Adams reported, "squarely returned by me." But



A square kiss squarely returned.

Adams refrained from closer contact: "The pervasive odor of cocoanut oil has proved an impassable barrier.'

Returning from paradise, Adams shuttled between the U.S. and Europe, enjoying a rather luxurious despair on a handsome annual income from investments. He had given the back of his hand to what he called the "total, irremediable, radical rottenness of our whole social, industrial, financial and political system." Nevertheless, he could not stay away from the "rottenness Impressed by the Cuban revolt in 1895, he became Washington's fiercest lobbyist for Cuban independence, pressured his close friend Henry Cabot Lodge and other senators to intervene.

The Virgin & the Dynamo. Adams found a replacement for his wife, and a possible mistress, in Elizabeth Cameron, the vivacious wife of the senior Senator from Pennsylvania, "Life is not worth living," Adams once admitted, "unless you are attached to someone. The warmth of their relationship encouraged him to believe that the figure of the Mother is the core of Christianity. In Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, he

With Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Dwight. TIME, NOVEMBER 27, 1964

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credited the 12th century adoration of the Virgin with inspiring the building of the great cathedrals and with giving man happiness he has not had since.

and rapposes the new off host and the control of th

As Adams grew sourer, his friends avoided him. "When I happened to fall in with him on the street," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes. "he could be delightful, but when I called at his house and he was posing as the old cardinal, he would turn everything to dust and ashes."

In 1918 Adams died quietly in his bed, in the words of a friend, "kindly, courteous and sarcastic to the last."

## The Cape of Delusion THE CORRIDA AT SAN FELIU by Paul

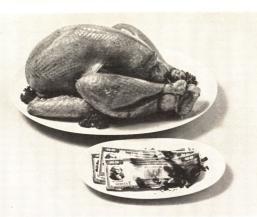
THE CORRIDA AT SAN FELIU by Paul Scott. 277 pages. Morrow. \$4.95.

The Corrida at San Feliu, surprisingly and mercifully enough, is not another entry into the endless bull-ring cycle. It is a novel about a novelist writing a novel. The work opens with a preface by a fictional publisher explaining that Author Edward Thornhill has died in an auto accident in Catalonia, and that what follows is two abortive beginnings of his last novel, the novel itself, a chapter of memoirs, and a short story. The resulting collection, though inherently multi-tiered and multi-baffling, is an evocative elucidation by British Novelist Paul Scott of the incestuous interplay of experience and art that is the creative process.

In the case of Scott's fictional author, there has been virtually no productive interplay until just before his death. For four years, his last novel had been stuck in the typewriter. Then what suddenly gets the plot moving is an act of infidelity by the protagonist's wife. It is not exactly an inventive solution. Thornhill, at 60, has just discovered that he himself has become a cuckold.

inat he nuitser has secone a cucsolar that the reality that unblocks Thornhill also undoes him: his auto accident labour neader puzzles out, was actually suicide. Before he dies, Thornhill sets down his labour his countries of the set of the

But discovery comes neither easily early. In the novel-ending bullfight scene, Thornhill perceives that man is as mesmerized by delusion as is the bull by the cape. At the moment of revelation—when he first sees behind the cloth of illusion—the sword is halfway home.



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TIME, NOVEMBER 27, 1964



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